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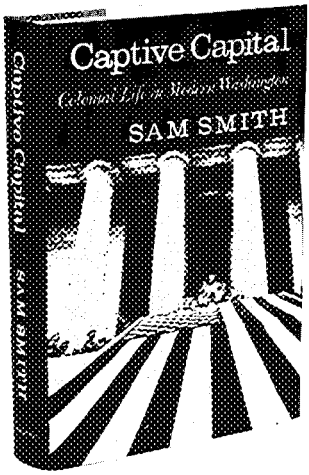

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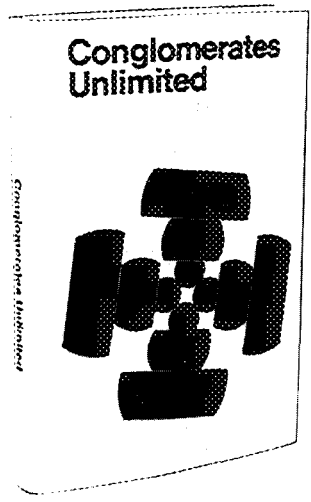

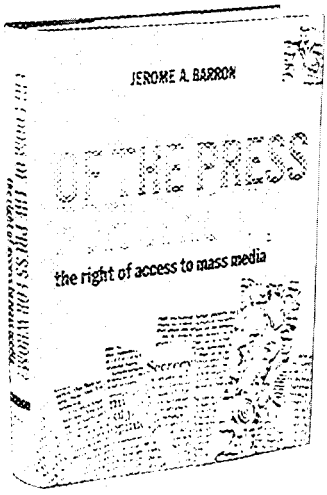

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JUNE 1974

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Letters

I feel that your editor Suzannah Lessard, in her muddled and kind of pathetic way, has done such a disservice not only to my book on SDS but to SDS and the Movement of the 1960s that her article ("The Legacy of SDS," March) should not be allowed to stand without a response.

It is terribly misleading for you to represent this as "The Legacy of SDS," and presumptuous of Lessard to write it, as if she were ever an SDSer herself, or had ever known the inside workings of SDS, or had even been a campus radical. By her own testimony she was a political ignoramus, she was not a part of the civil rights movement (too much sympathy for the Southern whites, it seems), not active in the antiwar campaign, not a member of any campus political group, she was "detached from the university" and "apolitical," and her only experience with SDS was during part of one month at Columbia University in 1968. Her total expertise, one gathers, comes from admittedly "auxiliary" and "lukewarm" participation in two campus actions at that time which, she says, left her in "utter confusion," incapable of a "coherent political stand," and during which she admits getting arrested "as much in defiance of SDS as of the administration." From *this* person we are supposed to get "lines of inquiry into what the New Left meant"?

Moreover, Lessard clearly did not understand then, and does not understand now, what SDS was all about. Part of this is undoubtedly due to her confessed inability to read any of the material that SDS put out—"my eye skidded off the page," she says—a deficiency that in a lesser woman would no doubt have disinclined her from lengthy public criticisms of SDS and its "absurd ideas." But part of it comes from an inability to read *my* material, which, though I admit goes on at some length, has proven to be accessible to virtually everyone else who has given it a try.

For example, she believes that "the assassination of Robert Kennedy gets one line" in the book when in fact it is given nine lines and a 23-line footnote (p. 450). She finds that the book "ignores the impact on SDS of the parallel black movement," apparently missing 16 pages on the civil rights movement, 13 pages on SDS's policies toward it, 29 references to SNCC, 40 to the Black Panther Party, four to black student organizations, and five pages on SDS debates about the black movement, with specific examples of impact throughout, from page 23 ("the birth of the civil-rights movement. . . gave SDS its initial cause") to page 516 ("the SDS leadership gave particular attention to the Panthers. . . ."). She complains that "there is no mention of the fact that during the very first sit-in at Hamilton Hall, the black students in effect kicked the white students out (whereupon they went to Low Library)," obviously having skipped over page 436: "After the whites were kicked out of the occupied building [they] then in some disarray took over Low Library." And so on.

Can we really be expected to rely upon this person and her skidding eyes?

Next, as to Lessard's specific complaints about my book, or what parts of it she may have read. 1) She complains first that it *is* official history, with all the documents and speeches and committees and strategies "painstakingly documented," and then that it is *not*, that it doesn't tell "what went on within the organization." I don't know which way she wants it, really, but suffice here to say simply that it is not official history and that it does, in voluminous detail, tell what the SDSers were doing, thinking, and saying. 2) She complains that the people I've interviewed haven't been honest and have given me only an idealized version of what went on, thus producing "gilded mythology." Aside from the fact that she herself admittedly hadn't a clue of what happened in SDS at either the national or local levels and is hardly in a position to judge, the fact is that SDSers are full of criticism and all that is fully explored in the book (Lessard might like to read Chapter 23 again, among others). But that is probably not really what she is looking for: she's really saying that she doesn't find in the SDSers in the book that process of self-hatred, lost conviction, tortured doubt and slide-to-liberalism that she herself went through. All I can say is, I'm sorry. For her. 3) She complains that the book doesn't deal with the real world outside of SDS. But of course she has, as we've seen, skipped over the references both to Bobby Kennedy and the Black movement, so her testimony here is somewhat less than reliable. And the fact is that, although the focus of the book is consistently on SDSers and their reaction to the outside world (if she wants a general history of the 1960s, she'd better hie to the library for a different book), the whole

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range of momentous events of the 1960s is in the book, from the missile crisis to Plei Ku to Charles Manson. 4) She complains that I allude "to far-reaching effects" of the New Left but that she finds them "hard to pin down," everything having vanished "into oblivion." Well, they are all there in the book (for brief summaries she might like to look in the index under "Effects," for 30 pages on the subject), but more important it turns out that they are there in Lessard herself: the whole last section of the article acknowledges "the highly visible contributions" of the New Left and she gives testimony to the effects in herself caused by New Leftists—"I know that I owe most of the lines of inquiry I have pursued in the years since that time [1968] directly to that small band."

Lastly, I want to make a brief comment on Lessard's treatment of the Columbia demonstrations, where she claims "to set the record straight." Her account is muddled and distorted, wrong both in a number of specifics—the kinds of people in Hamilton, what the votes were about, who left and why, SDS's prior role at Columbia—and in its general tone, which seems mostly to stem from a reaction to the silly way she herself behaved. I'd suggest that anyone who wants a version closer to the truth read either *SDS, The Battle for Morningside Heights* (Morrow, 1970), or the definitive close-up, *Up Against the Ivy Wall* (Atheneum, 1969).

For the future, might I suggest that Lessard try to avoid those two common dangers in her profession, of failing to read that which one presumes to attack, and failing to understand that which one presumes to interpret. Lest she become known permanently as the Lessard of two evils.

KIRKPATRICK SALE
New York, N. Y.

Kirkpatrick Sale is the author of *SDS.*

The author replies:

I don't understand how Kirkpatrick Sale can claim it is presumptuous for a non-SDS-er to write about SDS. In his introduction Sale writes, "Though I was never a member of SDS, my interest in the organization stems from the fact that I was, like most people I know, considerably changed by the events and processes of the sixties which SDS helped to fashion." I cannot think of a better way of putting my own case. Evidently the element of presumption which distinguishes me from Sale is that my opinion differs from his.

The reference to Robert Kennedy should have been John Kennedy, a slip which must have happened somewhere in the editorial-proofreading-printing process.

Sale is right: he does "mention" the expulsion of whites from Hamilton. But the sentence he quotes is the *only* direct reference. And the only background for this fleeting mention is in the sentence before, in which we learn, between dashes, that the early stages of the uprising included "—abortive marches around the campus, the occupation of one building by a black and white coalition, the holding hostage of a college dean—". The failure of a coalition between very serious white, middle-class radicals and black militants at the very beginning of the siege is in my view not only an event of significance in the history of SDS, but one which could reveal much about the inner thinking of the radicals, their strength, as well as their insecurity and their desire for revolutionary legitimacy. Instead of doing this, Sale tells us in another fleeting mention two pages later that despite the "independence" of the blacks, the coalition was a success and did indeed give the whites a sense of legitimacy. This is precisely the kind of glossing, the description of events as SDS wanted them to be—as opposed to what really happened—for which I criticized Sale. Instead of a real coalition, what the whites got was a fragile, very uneasy alliance from which, the blacks made very clear, they might break at any time. This yielded at best an equally fragile, uneasy, sense of legitimacy, generating, in my view, not confidence but a sense of insecurity which affected the course of events because it made the whites want to prove themselves to the aloof blacks.

Sale refers to the black movement in other parts of the book as well, it is true, but once again we learn from him what the official line was concerning the blacks, but not nearly enough about the real life relationship between the two movements and the psychological (as opposed to ideological) impact of the relationship on the whites.

The tone of Sale's letter surprised me. I had thought that tedious habits such as radical upsmanship (his reference to my "slide to liberalism") and in-ism (my presumption as an outsider) were no longer indulged in by the serious members of the now older New Left. But judging by that tone my guess is that Sale believes my criticisms of his work are motivated only by a desire to discredit SDS. I think he is the one that discredits that organization by so venemously guarding its myths. Personally, I think the true story is far more impressive.

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The Unions- How Much Can a Good Man Do

by Curtis Seltzer

Coal miners have often been romanticized in literature and journalism. There's a continuing fascination with miners, something about the spectre of black pits and grimy faces, of digging coal in dark dungeons "where the rain never falls and the sun never shines," of the "stooped wretches" who face the daily prospect of being cut, crippled, crushed, or blown apart. Miners' unions have a particular appeal and have been heralded by writers like Sinclair, Dreiser, and Dos Passos. Because of this tradition it is not surprising that Arnold Miller is the latest object of popular fancy. Miller, who defeated the dread Tony Boyle for the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) in 1972, and his Miners for Democracy (MFD) have been lauded as revolutionaries by journals like *The Washington Post* and *The Atlantic*. In recent months there has been some gentle criticism by liberal writers, very cautious, very tentative. Perhaps it's too soon to demystify the heroes. Maybe it's unfair to judge the reformers against their self-imposed, publicly expressed standards, which far exceed those of most American trade unions. There is still the stuff of heroes in the UMWA's reform movement, make no mistake about that.

But the romantic vision of the UMWA confuses what has happened with what needs to happen. At this juncture Miller's reform movement is a reform movement still, nothing less and not too much more. The work of democratizing the internal management of the union is still in process, and the Miller reforms simply represent the lowest common denominator of trade union democracy.

The MFD reformers had several tasks before them when they assumed office in December, 1972. First, there was the job of imposing democratic procedures on the internal workings of the organization. The leadership's commitment to internal fair play has been remarkably consistent. The new

Curtis Seltzer is editor of Appalachian Newsletter.

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democratic ground rules give the membership some clear, dependable ways to shape policy and peacefully change the leadership. The rules also give the rank-and-file the opportunity to make the union into something more than it is today.

But hard as it was to build democratic procedures into an organization which had shunned them for most of its history, that task turned out to be easier than others—especially implementing the policy the reformers have advocated. The Miller leadership is best at articulating progressive policies. Policy-making, like democratizing a union, is a process where the boundaries are known and events subject to some centralized control. Both processes require the leaders' commitments to certain principles, and their ability to persuade or maneuver dissidents into accepting reforms without creating a backlash. Translating policy into fact, however, involves the leadership in arenas where often it has less influence over the outcome of events. Mine safety, organizing, and political action are three areas where the Miller administration's ideas are clearly enlightened; the difficulty is in working things out day to day.

For the UMWA today, the most difficult task is establishing a measure of control over the huge energy combines which dominate the coal industry. The 1974 contract negotiations are the most visible manifestation of this struggle. The real head-knocking will come over a new national energy policy—who determines it, who benefits from it, and which set of assumptions underpin it. The UMWA's immediate goal is to make coal mining safe and win substantial contract benefits. In the longer view, it must look toward a new political coalition, some kind of amalgam of labor, environmentalists and consumers, that can demand "power to the people"—clean, cheap, fair, and safe. It may turn out that the labor unity needed to take on the major energy giants will grow from

Miller's efforts to return control of the union to the rank-and-file, and that without this past year of democratization, no political base would exist for the upcoming fracas.

It is this cause and effect relationship—between the degree of internal democracy and the militant attitude towards the energy operators—plus the fact of democracy itself that makes the MFD's first year so important.

Serfs of King Coal

To appreciate the scope and meaning of Miller's reforms, it is necessary to know something of the Appalachian coalfields and the union that organized there. If you haven't spent time in the Appalachian coalfields, it's hard to understand the historic grip of coal over the people there. Coal was the term by which the quality of life was defined. It used to be called "King" for good reason: it gave light, warmth, shelter, and food, as well as

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pain, misery, and death. In the past 75 years, the nation's mines have killed more than 100,000 miners and injured more than one million. About 100,000 choke with black lung disease acquired from the dust of the mines; every year, 3,000 or more die from it. As these wounds have bled, multi-million dollar coal fortunes have been made by men with household names like Rockefeller, Morgan, and Mellon, and with less familiar names like Hammer (Occidental Petroleum), Routh (Pittston Coal), and Schuer (Eastern Gas and Fuel).

The UMWA didn't start with John L. Lewis, but sometimes it seems that way. Lewis came to power after the bloody organizing battles in the early 20th century, at a time when internal factionalism and over-production were thinning the union's ranks. His first priority was to consolidate his own power in the organization. His second was to stop the drop in membership. There was never any doubt about how he ranked those objectives. The history of presidential dictatorship in the UMWA began with Lewis' victories over political dissidents in the 1920s.

By the 1930s the UMWA had withered. It was challenged by the Communist National Miners Union in West Virginia and Kentucky and the Progressive Miners Union in Illinois. The Depression had bankrupted hundreds of operators. But the New Deal's Wagner Act, which increased the unions' legal rights and which Lewis had a clever hand in creating, saved his neck and his union too. The power that he had centralized in the 1920s was now available to revitalize the union and lead the organizing of the CIO. The miners of the UMWA were the "shock troops of American labor," the most vigorous union representatives, from the early 1930s to 1950. And then things began to change.

After the Second World War, the boom which had enthroned King Coal went bust. For years, the story had been too many operators, too many miners, and too much coal. When times were good, a half-dozen strong-backed men with dynamite, picks, shovels, some lengths of mine track, and a couple of ponies could punch a mine into the side of a hill. When demand fell or a glut developed, these small operators folded first and hardest.

The Rise of a Tyrant

By the 1950s, the big companies had begun to mechanize their operations. The switch from men to machines meant that the bigger operators could produce coal more efficiently and more profitably than the smaller independents, who lacked the capital to pay for the new machinery. Then the loss of two major markets for coal (railroads and home heating) threatened to cave in even the larger companies.

Coping with mechanization became the central problem for Lewis. After the miners spent the winter of

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1949-50 out on a strike, he announced that his first industry-wide negotiations had resulted in a substantial wage hike and a royalty of 30 cents a ton to the Welfare and Retirement Fund, enough to provide major medical facilities and solid pensions. But in return, Lewis agreed to allow full-scale mechanization, which would cost the membership 300,000 jobs in the next decade. The 1950 agreement, with its emphasis on mechanization, also laid the groundwork for two other changes: 1) the concentration of production among a handful of giant companies, and 2) the subsequent take-over of these giants by even larger energy conglomerates.

By tying Fund payments to tonnage produced, Lewis boxed himself into a bad corner. He had to support the industry's automation of underground mines and expansion of strip mining, since only through increased production would the Fund grow. The more efficient a mine, the greater were the royalty payments. Efficiency and productivity usually meant fewer miners working. Hundreds of thousands fewer. Because the rank-and-file had been eliminated from union decision-making, Lewis was able to trade 300,000 jobs for good wages and benefits for those members who still had jobs. Following the 1952 contract, the UMWA gradually ended its adversary relationship with the operators. There were no official strikes until 1972, as the union's leaders became addicted to the welfare of the Fund with a single-mindedness that totally ignored the welfare of the UMWA rank-and-file.

The sides of Lewis' box got higher and the corners darker over the years. The union-owned National Bank of Washington loaned large sums to coal companies needing capital to automate. Lewis signed hundreds of "sweetheart" contracts with Appalachian operators who, during the recession in the 1950s, were being undercut by the sudden appearance of non-union "dog-hole" mines manned by unemployed union miners. He secretly financed Cyrus Eaton's takeover of West Kentucky Coal Company, which cost the UMWA $25 million in loans and resulted in a loss of $8 million when the company was sold. With the policy-making machinery of the union fixed in his office, there was neither check nor balance on Lewis' judgment. The membership lost their leverage on the operators just as they had lost leverage on their union.

Lewis' eventual successor, W. A. (Tony) Boyle, kept his grip as long as the money rolled out and his thugs hung around, and not very much longer. The dark recital of Boyle's years in office is by now a familiar testimony to the danger of union autocrats. He almost wrecked the Welfare and Retirement Fund: the Fund's royalties—up to $100 million over the years—were deposited in non-interest-bearing checking accounts. Boyle intimidated pensioners into supporting his policies by threatening them with a future without Retirement Fund benefits. When Joseph Yablonski challenged Boyle for the union presidency in 1969, Yablonski was ostracized and denied even elementary campaign rights, but he still didn't lose too badly—for which he was murdered. The pyramiding confessions have led to Boyle's conviction for the murder of the three Yablonskis.

Enter Arnold Miller

Yablonski was one center of opposition to Boyle; the other was the West Virginia Black Lung Association (BLA)—a loose confederation of individuals and locals which came together to lobby for a 1969 law to compensate black lung victims, and which found fresh impetus in the summer of 1970 when a former miner, Arnold Miller, assumed the presidency of the group. Miller's own life had been circumscribed by the coal seams in Cabin Creek from the start. When he was 16 he went to work in the mines, hand-loading for

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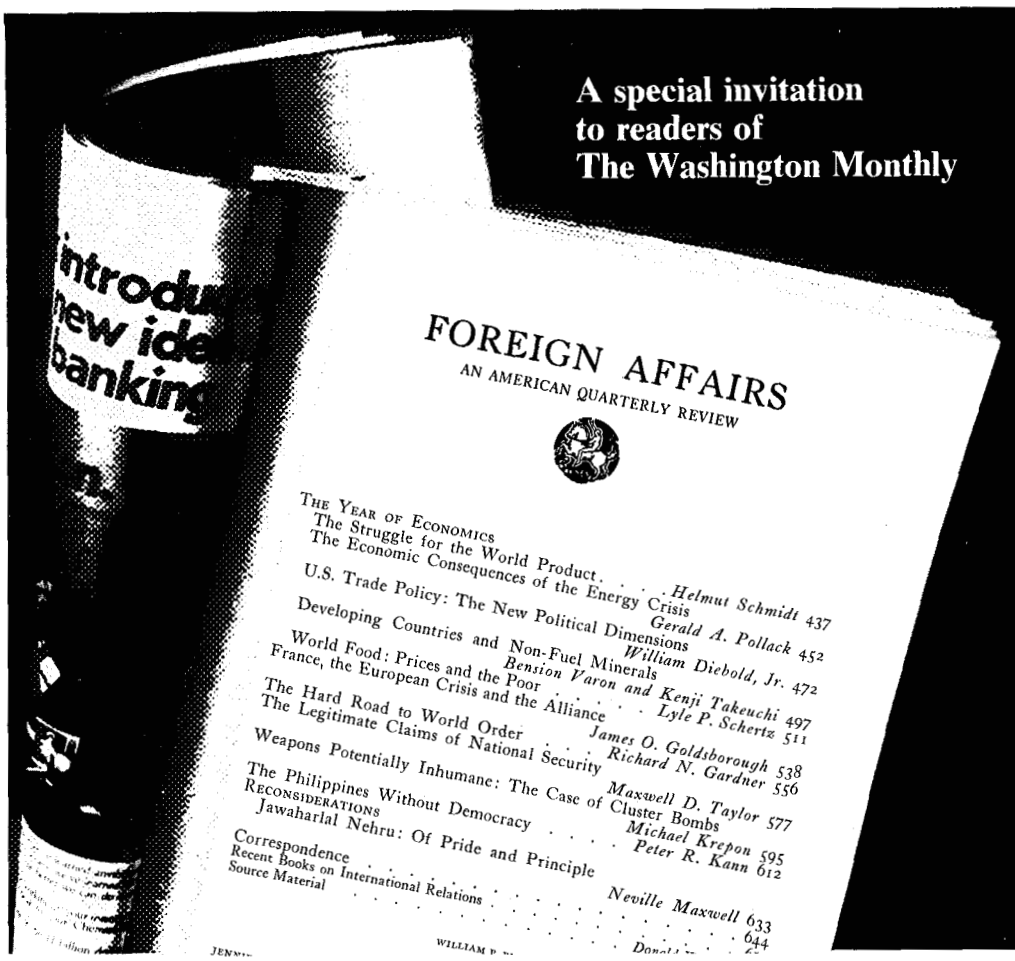

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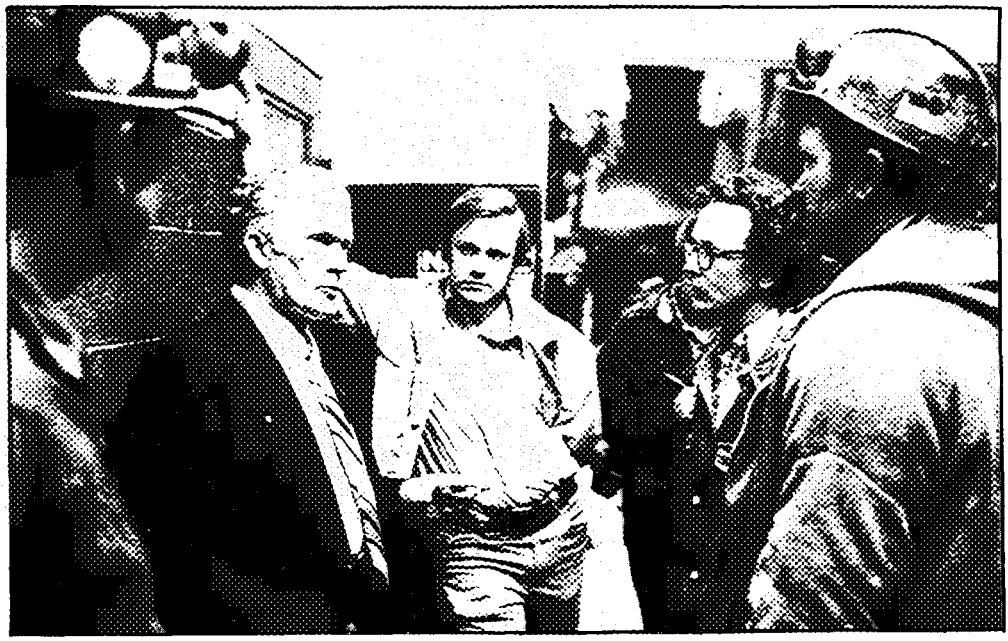
77 cents a ton. He was forced to quit the mines in the 1960s because of black lung and work-related arthritis.

With the help of a small cadre of bright, young former poverty workers, Miller began to make the BLA into something more than an ad hoc organization. The BLA and Miller personally were given extensive organizational and promotional aid from Designs for Rural Action (DRA), an OEO period piece that had assembled a dozen or so liberal lawyers, federal money-hustlers, Antioch College work-study students, and ex-VISTA volunteers to keep the political pots stirred. DRA provided legal assistance, subsidies, office space, and counsel to the fledgling BLA. Many of the young liberals who are now on the union's staff worked with Miller on DRA projects, or came to know him through mutual DRA friends.

The BLA-DRA connection was an important step in the political education of both the disabled miners and the ex-poverty warriors. Bitter miners, like Miller, who had been locked out of union jobs in the districts and the UMWA International Executive Board, found in the BLA an independent power base, which was able to surmount Boyle's later charge of "dual unionism." From 1969 to 1972, Miller and other BLA activists learned volumes of practical information on organizing, drafting legislation, lobbying, fund-raising, public relations and mau-mauing federal bureaucrats. On the other side, the DRA people developed legitimacy and hundreds of contacts with the miners.

By the time of the 1972 UMW campaign, the MFD candidates and their staff were sufficiently familiar with the mechanics of electioneering—Miller himself had once run unsuccessfully for the West Virginia House of Delegates—that the work of getting elected did not overwhelm them. But they were, ironically, humbled by the surprisingly large margin by which they won in December, 1972—15,000 votes.



Revolutionaries Become Bureaucrats

During the new administration's first year the pressure to perform was strong. The campaign promises about union reform had to be kept both as a matter of personal conviction and as a matter of consolidating the reformers' political base in the districts. The promises themselves—leaving internal politics aside—demanded sophisticated

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managerial skills of the officers. Many pledges involved tearing down the old bureaucracy and assembling a replacement quickly, with no disruption in service. And it was *service* that would consolidate the MFD's base. Confidence in this world of budgets and memos was slow to develop among men whose leadership models had been the company's section boss and Tony Boyle. It was to Miller's advantage that, as a rank-and-file miner, he had learned that leadership required common sense and flexibility as well as authority. In the first few months he had to institute totally different management and accounting procedures in the International Executive Board headquarters, reshape the Welfare and Retirement Fund (which by law and court-order is now completely separate from the union and thus less accessible to Miller's broom-sweeping), establish an internal system of democratic procedures, and finally, make visible progress on basic issues, such as safety, organizing (20 per cent of all coal mined last year was not under UMWA contract), and political action in the coalfields.

The MFD people had to face the demoralizing job of making themselves into deft bureaucrats. Miller and his associates discovered at once that the old Boyle bureaucracy did little work and what was done was usually done wrong. Secretaries could neither type nor take shorthand. Files, if they were kept at all, were scattered about in cardboard boxes. Few staff people knew what their responsibilities were. As Miller said in his President's Report to the Convention:

> ...we underestimated the extent to which the central administrative machinery of the UMWA had just plain stopped functioning. It had the *appearance* of functioning, but when we blew the dust off and turned the switch, the whole apparatus fell apart at our feet.... simply issuing an order would seldom produce any results. It was like trying to turn an ocean liner around in the Ohio River.
>
> There were times—quite a few of them, as a matter of fact—when I had some difficulty remembering why we had struggled so hard for the dubious honor of being reminded every five minutes just how bad things had been.

Fast judgments had to be made on people and policy. It was hard to deny patronage jobs to buddies from back home when they had worked with you in the pits or backed Yablonski and the MFD, but it was done. It was equally difficult to figure out which friends—some new and some old—suited the available jobs. Mistakes were made. A cranky veteran of the Steel Workers Union was hired to provide managerial experience during the transition. He brought with him highly developed administrative skills as well as a certain paranoid style that had him finding "leftists" behind every water cooler and conspiracies under every writing blotter. It was almost a year before he resigned. The Safety Division has had three directors since January, 1973, and the absence of a forceful leader has undercut the drive for safety consciousness at the local level.

An Imbalanced Troika

There was the additional problem of the division of labor, status and power among the officers. In the MFD campaign, the candidates (Miller, Mike Trbovich, UMWA vice-president, and Harry Patrick, UMWA secretary-treasurer) tried to make policy decisions on an equal-say basis. Sometimes the troika worked, and sometimes the press of schedules and events eroded the principle. On taking office, Miller wisely delegated major functions—research, safety, anthracite, and organizing—to Trbovich, who still felt some resentment over not having won the MFD's presidential nomination. As the months flew by, the troika arrangement persisted, but as one insider observed, "when the chips are down Arnold makes the decisions." Lately, some of the functions delegated to Trbovich have been partially shifted back into Miller's

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office.

The structure of decision-making varies with the issue. Policy questions usually involve all three International officers and the IEB when appropriate. The day-to-day administration of the union is handled by the staff under the guidance of the officers. A core group of staff uses a committee arrangement to work out their ideas. The reformers have modeled some of their administrative structures after those of the United Auto Workers, but most seem to have evolved from their own experience. The transformation of reform candidates into union leaders required changes in self-perception and behavior from Miller on down. Most observers have been impressed with the self-effacing way he and most of the others have handled the massive changes in status and responsibility that have come their way. Miller's sense of balance, roots, and self-image continue to be those of a rank-and-file miner. His example is followed by most of the MFD people who have recently won district offices and seats on the IEB.

Some of the same insecurities and personality differences that plagued the officers surfaced among the staff. At first there were draining months of internal bickering when egos became repeatedly bruised in squabbles that arose out of a mixture of ideology and inexperience. Throughout the campaign, there had been a persistent tension between the MFD staff members based in Charleston and those in Washington. The work of administering the union had the effect of shaking out factional tendencies. Staff relationships seem to follow a pattern of molecular anarchy, where on any given issue two or three molecules will form out of the available elements, bump, and unbond, only to form again in different combination the next time. Staff members insist there are no permanent factions or ideological divisions. Probably more than the officers, the core group of staff works collectively on administrative decisions.

The MFD could not have won the election or handled the transfer of power without the group of "outside" staff (young, liberal professionals) whose technical competence, flexible minds, contacts, and experience pulled everybody over many rocky stretches. They have been the target of sustained attacks by Miller's opponents who, as much as anyone, recognize their value to the reform movement. Some will probably leave after the contract negotiations are completed in late 1974 or early 1975. Others may not want to move from Washington back to the coalfields when the headquarters finally is relocated there. Still others may finally find themselves the casualties of internal politics or the feeling that miners should fill staff positions wherever possible, and then some may simply burn out from their 15-hours-a-day, six-days-a-week work schedules.

In the face of their expectations, inexperience, differences, and opposition, the Miller administration realized that visible change was necessary right from the start. Miller quickly made good on his promise to cut the salaries of officers and staff. Some staff cut their salaries a second time on their own initiative. *The UMWA Journal* ran a cover picture of Secretary-Treasurer Harry Patrick auctioning off Boyle's luxurious Cadillac limousines. Nepotism ended. The staff was trimmed. Miller replaced all the Boyle-appointed IEB members with his own caretaker appointees until elections could be arranged. The Boyle appointees sued unsuccessfully for their jobs. Several other cases concerning discharged International staff are still in the courts. Secretary-Treasurer Patrick, a working miner straight from the pits, faced the scary prospect of making sense out of the union's books. Operating with such radical principles as balanced budgets, honest accounts, and open records, he gained control of the cash flow. The bi-weekly *Journal*, the most regular link between the officers and the membership, changed into a model

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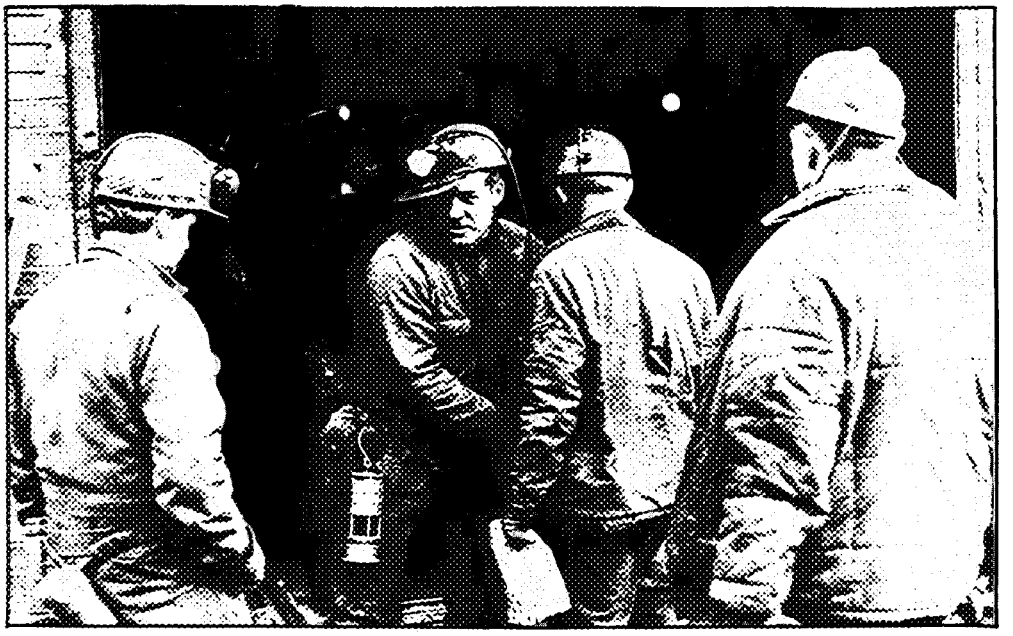
labor magazine overnight. On the whole these were specific things that could be done right away. The vague, ill-defined projects will take longer.

The Welfare and Retirement Fund, which provides pensions for 90,000 and health benefits to 600,000, was a Holy Roman Empire in decline. Under Boyle it had lost $100 million between 1968 and 1972. Pensions for bituminous miners were only $150 a month while Pennsylvania's anthracite miners received a pittance of $30 a month. The Fund's chain of hospitals had been auctioned or shut down. The staff had grown old with a good idea gone sour. The fund was administered by a three-person board of trustees, one appointed by the UMWA, another appointed by the industry, and the third elected by the first two. Under Lewis and Boyle this third "neutral" trustee was always a personal appointment who guaranteed that the Fund's policies reflected the wishes of the UMWA's leadership. An MFD suit broke this pattern just at the time when the Miller slate took office. As an ironic result, Miller and the MFD had a much more difficult time imposing the changes they had promised to the rank-and-file.

In the summer of 1973, Miller appointed Harry Huge to the UMWA's seat on the board. Huge is a fair-haired lawyer who describes himself somewhat disingenuously as "just an old country boy." On leave from his position with the prestigious Washington law firm, Arnold and Porter, Huge was the principal lawyer in the $11.5 million *Blankenship* verdict, which forced the Fund to expand its eligibility rules to include 17,000 additional recipients. Arnold and Porter was awarded about $600,000 in legal fees for its role in the case; Huge continues to draw a salary from the firm. One lawyer on the International's staff (who is not disposed to praise fellow lawyers) described Huge's work on the case as a "fabulous litigating job." However, the *Blankenship* victory has not warmed the angry hearts of those who still don't like living without medical care and pensions. As chairman of the board, Huge has traveled extensively in the coalfields and has weathered some stormy sessions with miners and widows who haven't yet distinguished him from the parade of nice-talking bureaucrats who made unkept promises in the past. Huge seems able to listen to his constituents' criticisms without becoming excessively defensive. He also seems to



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do what he says he will do. John Newdorp, the Fund's chief medical administrator, says that Huge is the "best thing that's happened to the Fund in 25 years."

On the day Huge assumed his position, the Fund's employees struck for a better contract. Concurrently the Fund was being evicted from its building by the construction of Washington's subway. The strike and the confusion of moving meant that the Fund stopped functioning for two summer months. Last November, Miller and Huge announced that certain categories of disabled miners and widows would receive benefits, a move that appeared partly to be designed as a way of heading off criticism from MFD supporters at the UMWA's convention in December. The convention passed a number of resolutions supporting Huge's efforts to refashion the health care delivery system, increase benefits, expand eligibility, and enable the Fund to use its economic leverage in the coalfields for better health care, housing, and social services.

What Does 'Democracy' Mean?

Democratizing the union also took time. The leadership used "democracy" as a catch-all slogan that would right a host of inequities—lack of autonomy, unfair election practices, suspension of membership rights, and the budgetary tricks. A working definition of "democracy" might be hard to fashion, but Miller followed his instincts and his platform. The MFD had assumed that if the rank-and-file could make internal union business more democratic, then the union would automatically be more militant at the bargaining table and politically more potent in the county courthouses and the legislatures of mining states

The first step in making internal processes more democratic was to comply with the Landrum-Griffin Act, various court rulings, and the MFD's platform which recommended that the union's 22 districts be given full autonomy. To date, most of the districts under union trusteeship have had elections of officers and representatives to the IEB, and Miller holds a slim majority on the IEB. There is still significant opposition in Kentucky, Alabama, southern West Virginia, and Ohio, where conservatives, former Boyle loyalists, and those with political ambitions are intent on building strong power bases to wage war against the International's reform policies.

Mine safety is a good example of the difficulty of translating abstract policy decision statements into reality. The most important MFD campaign slogans were "Coal Will Be Mined Safely Or Not At All," and "Safety. . . Or Else." Under Lewis and Boyle there had been much to criticize: the union's one-man Safety Division, the horrendous toll of death and disability, the industry's manipulation of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, the absence of strict federal regulations (until 1969), the weak and erratic enforcement of the Coal Mine Health and Safety Act thereafter, and the lack of union advocacy for compensation programs for accident victims. Miller has increased the safety division staff to 42, and has earmarked about $1.5 million to establish a network of safety monitors.

The officers and *The UMWA Journal* have directed a stream of pointed criticism at the Department of the Interior's new safety agency, the Mining Enforcement Safety Administration (MESA), which relieved the U. S. Bureau of Mines of its embarrassing job of apologizing for carnage underground. The Department of the Interior—first represented by the Bureau and then by MESA—had been issuing about 100,000 annual notices of violations of the 1969 Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act until last month, when a U. S. District Court ruled that these civil procedures violated the act's requirements. When that decision was handed down, MESA had bothered to collect only

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$4.2 million in fines of the roughly $27.2 million nominally levied against the operators.

Gateway to Disaster

It's too early to judge the effectiveness of the UMWA's safety program, but there are some disappointing signs. Since the operators pay only perfunctory attention to what they call "MESA's harassment," close monitoring of the agency is not likely to have much effect. About 500 mines should have been shut down recently for failing to comply with a provision in the 1969 Mine Safety Law that outlawed spark-producing motors underground. Despite a four-year grace period, the operators leaned on MESA, and the agency buckled. The UMWA opposed what Davitt McAteer, a lawyer in the Safety Division, termed, "MESA's waffling," but was unable to prevent it. The SAFETY . . . OR ELSE slogan implied a commitment by the officers to support safety walkouts and disobey company-sponsored court orders aimed at stopping safety-related wildcat strikes. The OR ELSE has not materialized. In 1973, 132 men were killed in the mines, just 24 less than in 1972. And in January, 1974 alone, 19 miners were killed, and, as the UMWA admits, "today the rate at which men are hurt in accidents is higher than before the passage of the Federal Safety Act in 1969."

Finally, the union has not had much success in getting the companies to make safety a genuine part of their operating ethic. Safety-oriented mining techniques—methane removal systems, better means of supporting the roof, alternative mining methods, and more efficient dust control systems—have proven effective in Europe in reducing fatalities, injuries, and disease. But the U.S. industry's concern for profitable production—by any means necessary—means the operator "talks safety in the bath house and 'Cut Coal' underground" as one miner put it. One delegate to the Constitutional Convention said, "Coal companies can't read anything except a dollar bill and a court order," and until it becomes costly or illegal for operators to run unsafe mines, men will continue to be killed needlessly.

In the courts, the union has won a few skirmishes and suffered one catastrophic defeat. One bright spot was the prosecution of Consolidation Coal and one of its section foremen for negligence in the death of a UMW member. The combined fines totaled $2,200. It was the first successful case prosecuted under the 1969 Mine Safety Act. Offsetting this advance was the recent decision in the *Gateway* case where the U.S. Supreme Court held that mine workers cannot stop work over safety issues, but must instead submit these disputes to binding arbitration. According to *Gateway*, the UMWA will have to present irrefutable proof—not just the miners' subjective judgment—that there is an imminent danger before they can circumvent the arbitration machinery. The effect of *Gateway* is to allow the operators to punish the UMWA's treasury and legal staff with injunctions brought against "wildcat" safety strikes, and in so doing further discourage rank-and-file efforts to improve safety in their work places. "No one in law is going to sit on their cans in Washington and tell members of the UMWA that they have to work in unsafe conditions while arbitration is going on," Miller responded. But strong words are not enough and he knows it more than most. If "coal will be mined safely or not at all," the *Gateway* decision or the 1973 fatality count provides justification for an industry-wide shutdown (which Miller may be planning for November, 1974, when the current contract ends).

A second area where policy-implementation lags behind policy-making is organizing. For the first time in years, the UMWA has undertaken a serious campaign to expand its base. One focus in the eastern coalfields is Duke Power Company's Brookside mines in Harlan County,

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Kentucky, where the miners voted 2 to 1 last summer to join the UMWA. Duke Power, the nation's sixth largest utility, refused to recognize the union at Brookside (which produces about one-seventeenth of its Kentucky production) because it feared that the UMWA would move into Duke's other operations too. The UMWA has already spent $750,000 to support the strike that resulted from this union recognition dispute. What makes matters ironic is that the UMWA became committed to support the Brookside strikers through the actions of William Turnblazer, a district

Miners and Energy

More than three-quarters of our total energy consumption is oil and natural gas, which represent about eight per cent of our total reserves of fossil fuels. Coal, which makes up about 87 per cent of these reserves, provided only 17 per cent of our energy in 1972.

Coal production has been out of balance and impeded for several reasons. Part of the explanation involves traditional market factors. But more recently, two other reasons have emerged: first, the major energy companies want to keep their vast domestic coal holdings as their long-term ace-in-the-hole, and second, the companies are looking for ways to defuse the UMWA's militancy before it leads to significant alterations in the power relationships in the coal industry.

The oil industry's control of coal was formalized during the last ten years as first Gulf Oil and then Continental Oil, Occidental Petroleum, and SOHIO bought out major coal companies. But the oil industry has in fact dominated America's energy policy since the opening of the big Texas and Louisiana fields in the 1920s and 1930s. This domination of the coal industry *prevented* development of commercial methods of synthesizing gas and gasoline from coal. If gasification and liquefaction technology had been allowed to progress normally, vast new coal markets would have been opened at the expense of the oil industry.

Back in 1936, when coal and oil were produced by competitors, Standard Oil of New Jersey felt compelled to make a deal with I. G. Farben, the German chemical giant, which had developed a practical way of transforming coal into petroleum. Jersey Standard obtained exclusive U. S. rights to this process from Farben to prevent U. S. coal companies from learning it, and kept the coal genie locked in its oil barrel for 30 years. In the late 1940s, Consolidation Coal Company finally persuaded Jersey Standard to set up a tiny $300,000 pilot plant at Cresap, West Virginia. George Love, then head of Consol, had high hopes, but Jersey Standard's reluctance and the gush of cheap oil from Texas and the Middle East discouraged him. The historic irony is that coal-to-petroleum technology had already been developed by both the Germans and the Czechs during World War II, and today, South Africa obtains much of its oil and gas from coal.

Jersey Standard's policy of impeding gasification-liquefaction technology was aided by West Virginia's Walter Hallanan, president of Plymouth Oil. In 1953, while directing the National Petroleum Council (which advised the Interior Department), Hallanan attacked the $2 million budgeted for operating a Missouri pilot plant

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official, who has since been convicted of participating in the conspiracy to murder Yablonski.

The real danger for the union is that on June 26, Duke may be allowed to hold a new election among its non-striking employees to see whether they want the union to come in, and it is a foregone conclusion that these "scabs" aren't going to vote for the UMWA. Thus, there is the prospect that this strike will continue at the present level indefinitely.

The other focus of the organizing effort is in the West, where the industry is gunning its big strip dozers. The

as extravagant and killed the project. It was years before pilot gasification and liquefaction projects were begun again. During that period, 300,000 miners lost their jobs.

The energy conglomerates and their allies in the Nixon Administration are now advancing three principal new solutions to the "fuel shortage": oil deposits on the outer continental shelf, oil shale in the West and Alaska, and strip-mined coal in the Rocky Mountain states. All would shift domestic energy production away from the massive deposits of low-sulfur, deep-mine coal in the Appalachian mountains and away from the power base of the UMWA.

Of these three new sources of fuel, it is western strip coal which promises to become the fastest, cheapest, and most profitable option. According to data compiled by the Environmental Policy Center in Washington, D. C., the West (including Alaska) has about four times more low-sulfur underground coal reserves than the East and about 12 times more strip coal. Even so, Appalachia has enough coal for our foreseeable needs—80 billion tons of low-sulfur deep mine reserves and two billion tons of low-sulfur strip reserves recoverable with 1974 technology. These deposits represent about 140 years' supply of coal at our current annual rate of production.

Why, then, are the companies so eager to tear up the western deposits, which may consume nearly as much energy as it would yield? (See "It Takes Energy to Make Energy" in the March, 1974, *Washington Monthly*.) A number of short-run advantages attract the companies to the West. The coal seams are thicker, they are closer to the surface, and they are easily and cheaply strip-mined. Strip mines are fast and inexpensive to set up, and the strip operators will have to invest less to comply with the 1969 Coal Mine Health and Safety Act than deep-mine operators do.

At first glance there is a contradiction between the energy companies' ace-in-the-hole strategy for their coal holdings and the pell-mell rush to expand strip mines in the Rockies. The apparent contradiction is understandable when one considers the historic quick-profit orientation of the big operators. During today's "energy crisis" strip mines can quickly capitalize on the rise in coal prices—later, a great deal of today's 3.2 *trillion* tons of coal reserves will remain, much of it in deep reserves in the East. The coal industry's move to the West then, derives from short-sighted, short-term profit-seeking coupled with a desire to undercut the UMWA.

Although Arnold Miller has failed to take an unequivocal stand against strip mining, last January he said that the energy companies are using money and "vast political power" to develop the high-profit Western strip mines while allowing "the vitally important underground mines in the East to stagnate." The Eastern mines are already in trouble: coal production in West Virginia actually *declined* last year, to 116 million tons from 123 million in 1972.

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massive, readily recoverable, low-sulfur strip deposits in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Montana are being developed rapidly, in part to fuel power plants and gasification projects, in part to undercut the UMWA's strength in the East and thereby its bargaining position in the 1974 negotiations. The UMWA lacks a strong following in the Rocky Mountain states. Miller realizes that if the coal industry does shift to the West, it is essential to the UMWA that the strip miners be organized; otherwise the union will have trouble paying for the increased fund benefits it has promised. The International is divided on the stripping issue. Currently, about one-fifth of the working rank-and-file are strippers, who account for almost one-half of all the Fund royalties. One position argues that the union should press for responsible strip mining where possible and its prohibition where it's not. Implicit in this position is a trust in the operators' and regulators' judgment which, by the evidence of Appalachia, is hardly justified. The other argument is that *stripping should be abolished entirely to ensure the UMWA's survival.* As was the case in 1950 when Lewis traded jobs for benefits, if the union accedes to western stripping the result will be fewer underground miners in the East. Officials in the West Virginia Coal Association say privately that a national ban on strip mining will directly improve both the short- and long-term employment prospects for Eastern coal miners. At present, Miller is moving erratically, sometimes pushing for strong regulation by Congress, other times not doing much at all. The absence of a clear UMWA position will mean, in effect, a reluctant acquiescence to the industry's very definite plans to strip-mine the Rockies in the near future. The union must try to decelerate western stripping simply to protect its membership and survive as an organization.

A third area where action lags behind rhetoric is politics. It took the reformers almost a year to set up a new political action arm, the Coal Miners Political Action Committee (COMPAC), whose job is to "break . . . [the] big business grip on the state legislatures and governors' mansions and congressional delegations." Despite the $1-million war chest voted by the convention, the present operation is still slow to get off the ground. The organization's goals are still unclear and the group subject to factionalization—it split, for example, over the endorsement of a challenger to run against Rep. John Slack, a lackluster West Virginia Democrat.

In sum, the MFD's first year measured the limits of individuals and of the organization. The substance of the MFD platform does not appear to have been watered down by victory, bureaucratic snaggles, or internal politics. Rather it is the officers themselves who have been sobered by the complexities of doing what they want to do.

To win major contract demands this year the UMWA negotiators need a solid rank-and-file behind them. Solid to the point of standing firm through a six-month strike. That kind of solidarity, in turn, rests on the union's ability to serve the membership on safety and contract disputes and provide increased Fund benefits for more people. This requires the skills of political administration as well as policy-maker. Good policy comes easily to the new UMWA; good administration less so.

Lancing the Boyle

The UMWA's first year culminated in its 46th Constitutional Convention in December, 1973. Here democratization was exposed to public scrutiny. The press table skeptics kept asking Miller, "Do you think this is democracy?" and kept being told, "Yes." This left observers confused, trying to figure out what exactly it was that they had been assured was democracy.

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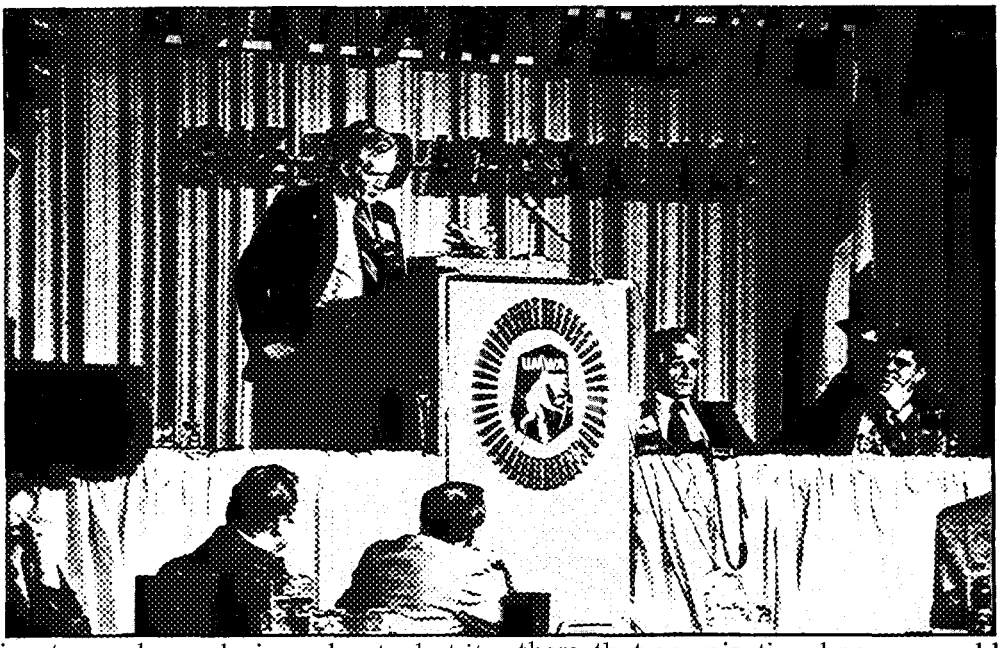
The Wall Street Journal's Bob Arnold titled his December analysis, "The UMW Tries a Little Bit of Democracy"; this hesitant judgment was typical. (Not surprisingly, those journalists who had most enthusiastically heralded the revolution were those who asked no tough questions.)

The delegates shared the press' wonder at what was going on, although they seemed to be more willing to reach conclusions about what it all meant. Although a few delegates were veterans of as many as seven UMWA conventions, for perhaps a majority, including Arnold Miller, it was their first. It didn't take long for them to realize that Miller's convention was not going to be a velvet-fisted gravy-train like its predecessors in Denver and Miami Beach. A single band provided the flourishes in contrast to Boyle's four, which had cost $200,000. Gone was the $100,000 worth of trinkets featuring Boyle's picture. No thugs guarded the microphones for the union president. Nor was the floor stuffed with "pork-choppers" whose yeas on voice votes—and all votes were voice votes under Lewis and Boyle—always swamped the handful of rebels.

The main business of the convention was rewriting the union constitution. The outcome of debates on dues, autonomy, pensioner voting, and bogus locals (those whose members were pensioners rather than active members) would measure the depth and breadth of the reformers' strength a year after their election. Constitutional questions—rather than collective bargaining goals—promised to be the most divisive issues, since it was there that organizational power would be won or lost.



Miller-supported committee reports on bargaining demands, relocation of the International's headquarters, health and safety, the Fund, COMPAC were debated and passed. The decisions made about the 1974 negotiations, health and safety, and the Fund, however, were policy guidelines rather than binding directives.

The pattern of the first week's votes suggested a closely divided house. On Monday, December 5, Miller got his first lessons in parliamentary procedure during the opening debate on the Rules Committee report. Some of his opponents felt an obligation to confuse the proceedings with fancy points of order and privilege, mostly to embarrass Miller. The new president learned the ropes quick-

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ly, and his unfailing courtesy made a good impression. Miller was smart enough to realize that he lacked Lewis' supercilious majesty, and that, in any event, he couldn't carry off that part even if tempted. His own plain, straightforward style held up well over the two weeks.

On Tuesday, the first committee resolutions were sent back for revision. Initially, the deliberations were made more difficult by a rule that limited the delegates to concurrence or rejection (returning it to committee for further work) on first consideration. This made floor amendments automatically out of order at this stage and created some ill feeling and confusion. It also had the effect of sending proposals back to committee without a clear sense of what changes should be made. Yet, the fact of rejection alone was almost unprecedented. The delegates themselves couldn't quite believe it when Miller called a number of close votes *against* the committees. That evening, the officers requested a meeting with the delegates that was closed to staff and the press. Miller made a forthright statement on the state of the union and the prospects for the forthcoming negotiations. He broached the possibility of a six-month strike and was supported.

But on Wednesday the convention rejected a resolution calling for a Strike Fund ($1-$15 monthly payment) that the IEB could levy on the membership. The Miller staff made a big fuss about the loss of the Strike Fund—it was "their" loss as some of them saw it. The vote against the strike fund, however, was *not* a vote against the six-month strike. Most delegates felt that the fund wouldn't have been much benefit this year since even if the $15 maximum were imposed it would have given the miners only a 10-week, $16.50-weekly strike benefit. Its loss will be felt in the contract after this one, by which time a sizable strike fund would have accumulated. The other explanation for its defeat lay in the agenda order. Most delegates, realizing that a big dues hike was likely, were not about to face their locals after passing *both* a $6-$8 monthly dues raise and a $15 monthly strike fund levy. If the dues issue had preceded the strike fund, the delegates might have been able to pass both.

Bogey Locals

During the 1972 campaign, the MFD had pledged autonomy for the locals and districts. Since Miller had clearly taken steps to make good on his word, it was somewhat paradoxical that the new president supported a resolution that permitted the IEB to suspend autonomy for any of the following reasons: 1) to prevent or correct corruption, 2) to assure compliance with collective bargaining agreements, 3) to restore democratic procedures or protect the democratic rights of members, and 4) "to otherwise enforce the UMWA's Constitution and carry out the legitimate objectives of this Union." This broad language was somewhat unclear. Miller argued that this authority *protected* the rights of members from corrupt local and district officials. Of course, there was no comparable rank-and-file check on the officers. The former Boyle people, fearing for their jobs and their political influence, made speeches about autonomy that would have won cheers at MFD conventions in the old days. If Boyle had been in office, Miller and his supporters would have fought this resolution to the end. Given the change in leadership the vote on autonomy boiled down to a matter of trust in the fairness of Miller and the IEB. The delegates demanded a district-by-district caucus which returned a verdict in favor of the resolution, 821 to 674.

In 1972 the MFD had made a major issue of the policies of the two Welfare and Retirement Funds: the Fund for bituminous miners, which covers most UMWA members; and the Anthracite Fund, whose size mirrors the bleak days that have fallen on

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Pennsylvania's anthracite mines. Miller had promised the anthracite miners that he would equalize pension benefits by raising them from $30 to $150, but the committee's report failed to make specific recommendations for such equalization. Instead the convention recommended that the International seek special congressional assistance for the anthracite miners.

The low point for the officers came that Wednesday, after the convention had defeated the committee's recommendations supporting a $50 special assessment power for the IEB, and new eligibility requirements for the International and the district office. "Bogey" locals (those with fewer than 10 active miners) had been intimidated by Boyle's arbitrary use of the Fund's benefits and had overwhelmingly supported him in 1969. Miller had been disbanding them from the start under the provisions of the old constitution. The conservative opposition made speeches about "the rights of the old-timers who built this Union," when they were really pleading for their own political necks. The resolution, providing for disbandment, was rejected. Another, limiting the major offices in the local to working miners, was also defeated.

At the end of this Wednesday session Miller's allies felt humiliated. Miller's willingness to abide by majority rule seemed to demoralize his followers. It was as if the old MFD delegates were waiting for the officers to fight the floor debates for them, or impose decisions behind the scenes, or pull off some kind of slick maneuver. That night, Ed Monborne, chairman of the Constitution Committee and a Miller supporter, was seen chewing out guys from his district for their failure to speak out in the floor debates.

The relocation of the International's headquarters back to the coalfields was one of Miller's major objectives. He reasoned that making the officers accessible to the rank-and-file would ultimately make the union more responsible and probably more

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militant. Before the vote, he spoke plainly and eloquently about why he supported the move:

> . . . I want to see the headquarters where the membership can come to it when they desire service, and they don't get it somewhere else. I want it to be where the membership can find it without using a map or a compass, for we are coal miners, not corporate executives.
>
> There never has been any rationale for the headquarters being in Washington, D. C. except to get it out of the coalfields. There are no coal mines in Washington, D. C., and there are no coal miners there.

He was persuasive. When debate opened, the chastised Miller delegates jumped for the mikes and lined up four and five deep behind each one. The debate was one-sided and the move to return the headquarters to the coalfields was supported by more than a 2-to-1 margin.

On the heels of this emotional victory, the COMPAC resolution, which authorized a $1-million political fund, passed overwhelmingly. The convention then voted to exclude pensioner voting for important offices in the locals, like president and mine and safety committemen. The "bogey" locals resolution was brought back from committee unchanged and this time was approved. Next the resolution allowing the International to appoint certain kinds of district officers was accepted. The first minority report in anyone's memory was delivered, and defeated. The momentum had shifted and the reforms had been institutionalized.

The Next Crisis

Friday, December 14, 1973, was a long 60 years from the bloody mine wars of the industry's early days. It was a long way from 1969, if time is measured by progress. Yet in some ways, you could see how the decisions made in the Pittsburgh Hilton would bring those experiences closer together.

Much of what the delegates learned was the *process* of the convention. There was some orchestration. There were some secret meetings. But the overwhelming feeling was that things had been above-board and that Miller could be trusted. The openness of the debates and the obvious protection of the opposition's rights will influence the way locals and districts operate in the future. Miners have experienced something called "democracy," uniquely their own. And fittingly, it came from miners, by miners, for miners.

The MFD's first year was the year of the rank-and-file, the year to democratize, the year to get ready. The second year, 1974, is the year of establishing control, the year of the energy crisis, the year of the contract negotiations.

Darkness, not light, can be seen at the end of the Appalachian coal tunnels these days. As odd as it first appears, the "energy crisis" directly threatens the welfare of underground miners. The real crisis for coal miners will develop over the next decade as the result of policy decisions taken amidst today's energy pandemonium. Those who dig coal have endured almost every conceivable fit of free-enterprise epilepsy—glut, bust, depression, loss of markets, unemployment, underemployment, and automation—but ultimately none may be as debilitating as the energy companies' current plans to create a federally sanctioned national energy cartel, free from the check of organized labor and the balance of consumer and governmental accountability. Lost in the fuss over whether the union is "democratic" is the critical question of whether the union can demystify the energy bamboozle in time to prevent the operators from busting the union under the guise of solving the energy crisis. The UMWA must stop the conglomerates from using the "crisis" as a winch to pull the locus of domestic coal production out of the Appalachian coalfields—where the coal is abundant but more costly to extract—to the bargain-basement fields in the West. ■

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F. Edward Hebert—A Credit to His Race

by Daniel Rapoport

Elliot Richardson, then Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, had sent over the draft of a veto message. So had Caspar Weinberger, from the Office of Management and Budget. The Pentagon, the bill's only beneficiary, was nominally in favor of it, but probably would have been content to do without the legislation. The American Medical Association (AMA) was of course still adamantly opposed to the idea, as were the spokesmen for the nation's medical schools. Liberals couldn't care less about the measure, and had a straight up or down vote been possible, the Senate would have opposed it. And reports continued to circulate that White House staff members were unhappy, believing it unseemly for President Nixon to be signing into law a new, unrequested federal spending program at a time when he was vetoing virtually everything Congress sent him that required new funding.

"Is this a good bill?" a smiling Nixon asked a visitor, as he considered the medical school legislation which lay on his desk.

"Of course it's a good bill," answered Rep. F. Edward Hebert, its principal sponsor.

It had better be, the President went on, and he showed Hebert the two suggested veto messages which had accompanied the bill to his office. With that, Nixon sat down at his desk, pushed aside the veto drafts, and signed H.R. 2, a bill authorizing establishment of the first medical school in the United States totally financed and operated by the federal government, a medical school whose primary function would be to produce doctors for the armed forces.

After the signing, Hebert, who enjoys a long-time, bantering friendship with Nixon, said there was one more thing he needed from the President.

"What do you want now?" asked Nixon in mock exasperation.

What Hebert wanted was a presidential appointment for a physician friend from his hometown of New Orleans to the medical school's board of regents. The friend had managed to swing the Louisiana chapter of the AMA behind Hebert's bill, the only state chapter in the association to back it.

"Can he read and write?" asked Nixon.

"I don't know. He went to Whittier," retorted Hebert.

That generated much ho-hoing, with Nixon throwing up his hands as Hebert left the room and declaring, "I knew I shouldn't have asked you."

Daniel Rapoport is a Washington writer and author of a forthcoming book on the House of Representatives.

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The events that day, September, 21, 1972, went largely unnoticed by the press. That is hardly surprising. Officially, the President had proclaimed the birth of something called the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences, a name so uninspired, so ungainly, so resistant to acronym that to this day many congressional backers of the institution are unable to come up with the correct name if pressed.

Yet no matter how unfamiliar its name, the school provides a clear-cut demonstration of how a congressman can get his way—if he happens to be a committee chairman. And F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana is a powerful committee chairman, as in "the powerful chairman of the House Armed Services Committee," which he has been since 1971. Although the 72-year-old Hebert has been in the committee-chairman business for a relatively short time and has been forced to prove his mettle during an era when reforms have cut down House chairmen a few notches, he has racked up enough accomplishments and displayed enough audacity to climb to the pinnacle of his profession. As they used to say about Joe Louis, he's a credit to his race.

Hebert is doing for his hometown, New Orleans, what his predecessor, the late Mendel Rivers, did for Charleston, South Carolina—cramming it with military facilities as quickly as the city can absorb them. And like Rivers, he delivers House majorities in support of Pentagon programs. On rare occasions when he doesn't—like the time nettlesome Rep. Les Aspin persuaded the House to lop off $1 billion from a $21-billion weapons bill—Hebert gets his way in the end. (In conference with senior members of the Senate Armed Services Committee, meetings from which Aspin and other military critics on the House committee were excluded, Hebert recouped the $1 billion and scored what he enjoys describing as "another one of Hebert's conference triumphs.")

And when the Senate causes problems, as it did when it rejected his demand that the Defense Department be prohibited from sending officers to take courses at universities that had dropped ROTC, Hebert abandons the legislative route in favor of more direct techniques. In this case he called up the Pentagon and instructed officials to go ahead and blacklist Harvard even without congressional sanction. They did.

Hebert is not in the least embarrassed or shy about these exploits. "I not only had a hand in it [the blacklisting]," he told an interviewer, "I was the leader."

Although Hebert has received increasing attention from the press recently, the medical school, his most audacious achievement and the one he is most proud of, has drawn scant attention in Washington. (That in itself is ironic since the new university will be located on 150 grassy acres in nearby Bethesda, Maryland, near the Naval Medical Center.)

By 1982, after spending a paltry $150 million to get the school going, the Defense Department hopes to be graduating about 100 men and women a year, most of whom will be then obligated to repay the government for their education by putting in a minimum of seven years as armed forces physicians. (One-fifth of these graduates will be allowed to serve civilian agencies such as the Veterans Administration and the Public Health Service.)

Hebert and other supporters see this school graduating a small, but steady, stream of career military doctors who will serve as the nucleus of each armed service's medical corps. These doctors will, of course, be joined by civilian-trained physicians who are lured into the military by government scholarships that paid for their education and who are kept there by a variety of bonuses which boost a 28-year-old captain's income to more than $35,000 a year.

The Armed Services chairman also expects the school to focus on such

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military-related medical problems as treating battlefield wounds and tropical diseases. Of all the arguments for the school this was the most credible, for the treatment of traumatic injury is one of the areas in which American medicine has long been deficient. But there are ways to overcome this problem other than building a special military medical school. For a fraction of the cost, the government could sponsor new training programs and treatment centers in established hospitals.

Critics consider the school unnecessary at best and at worst detrimental to the taxpayer, the military, and medicine. So overwhelming was the sentiment against the idea, so numerous, ideologically varied and potent were its opponents, that for 24 years virtually no one in Congress took it seriously except Hebert.

A West Point for Doctors

Hebert had been pushing the medical school since 1947, when as a junior member of the Armed Services Committee he wondered aloud at a hearing one day why it was that military men had "spent billions of dollars to train men to kill and have spent nothing to train men to save lives." The discovery apparently entranced Hebert, and it has stayed in his mind ever since. After a while he drafted the necessary legislation and started dropping it in the hopper—every Congress. Routinely the Defense Department was asked for its comments and just as routinely the Department sent back a short answer: the school wasn't necessary. Without Pentagon backing, Armed Services Committee chairmen, first Carl Vinson and then Mendel Rivers, saw no point in pushing the proposal. But the ritual continued. Hebert's bill to set up what he termed "the West Point for Doctors" seemed destined to achieve the status of such perennial offerings as former Rep. Paul Fino's bill to set up a national lottery—quaint notions that were going nowhere.

The principal reason Hebert's bill was going nowhere was that a lot of people thought it was a dumb idea. Detractors asked why, from a practical point of view, it was necessary to build a separate medical school for the military. If the services wanted to develop their own supply of doctors, why not pay existing medical schools to do the job, giving them money to expand their facilities to handle increased enrollment? It would be a cheaper and faster way to solve the problem. On another level, the AMA and the Association of American Medical Colleges felt that establishing a medical school, designed to serve just one segment of the population, would run counter to the generally accepted principles of medical training. Medicine was medicine, the AMA argued, and every doctor ought to receive the same basic training, instead of starting out in a course tailored to specific and limited medical needs. Specialization could come later. While the AMA's arguments about medical policy need not always be taken as objective truth, in this case most health experts agreed that a military medical school could set a dangerous precedent for the medical profession at large and might result in a lowering of the standards of treatment for military patients.

Ideologically, Hebert's plan had even less going for it. Liberals, of course, could not get excited about granting more money to the Pentagon, especially money the military didn't even want. Conservatives saw the whole thing as a "boondoggle" and an unwarranted intrusion of the federal government into an area that always had been managed by the states and private institutions. Scholarship aid and funds for new construction were one thing, but operating an entire medical school was unthinkable.

Two events in 1970 abruptly reversed the odds in favor of the school. One was the unexpected death of Armed Services Chairman Mendel Rivers. The other was the surprising

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Democratic primary defeat of Massachusetts congressman Philip Philbin, who would have been Rivers' successor. Instead, the chairmanship of the House Armed Services Committee went to the next ranking Democrat, Hebert.

Laird Sees the Light

Soon afterwards, the Pentagon had a sudden change of heart about the medical academy. In place of the usual two-line rejection slip, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird warmly embraced the proposal. More important, Laird allowed Hebert to merge his medical school bill with an important piece of Defense legislation, the medical scholarship plan. Even if Laird hadn't been in Congress for 16 years, he would have been able to figure out that continued House support for the Administration's military programs and Vietnam policy might be jeopardized by attacking the pet project of the new Armed Services Committee chairman.

With Laird safely in the fold, Hebert got the ball rolling. He called hearings, at which the military witnesses, as well as many members of the committee, took their cue and heaped praise on the legislation. The AMA and the Association of American Medical Colleges played the heavies at the hearings, reciting their familiar objections.

In contrast to the tender deference once shown the AMA at congressional hearings, the tone of the Hebert hearings was all-out bear-baiting of organized medicine, a sport in which conservatives, liberals, and middle-of-the-roaders all took part. Hebert set an example for the rest of the panel with this endearing welcome to the witnesses from the once-feared AMA:

> The AMA has been traditionally against anything even before they knew what the proposition was . . . the AMA was against socialized medicine. I was against it then. I am against it now. I am 65 years old. I refused to take Medicare. I voted against it. I am opposed to it and I don't have it now. But what did the AMA do? They came along and found out this was really a great pool down there they could dip into, so now they are for it—a little here, a little there. But now they are beginning to get around to that side because they are benefiting by it.

Not surprisingly, the committee served up only cream-puff questions to witnesses testifying in behalf of the medical academy. When former Army Surgeon General Leonard Heaton appeared, the lawmakers greeted him as if he were their retired family practitioner, which in a sense he was. Many of the congressmen at one time or another had received lavish attention at the Army's Walter Reed Hospital or at the Navy's facility in Bethesda.

It was no surprise when the commitee approved the legislation. Nor was there any meaningful opposition on the floor. Only Rep. H. R. Gross, that perennial nay-sayer, inquired about the medical school's costs and questioned its need. Gross and 30 other members—most of them highly conservative—voted against the bill; 352 voted for it.

Steering the measure through the Senate presented a far greater challenge to Hebert, since his influence with the senatorial rank-and-file was nil. When, in early 1972, the Senate Armed Services Committee held hearings on the proposal, it discovered that the Administration was split on

Answers to May puzzle:

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E	X	P	L	O	D	E		F	A	N	T	A	I	L
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the merits of the medical school. The Office of Management and Budget objected to the cost, and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare felt that if there had to be a federal medical school it ought to be run by the department charged with managing government health activities. By the time the hearings were over, such stalwart conservatives as Senators Peter Dominick and Harry Byrd were lined up against Hebert's "West Point for Doctors."

Hebert States His Terms

Hebert saw the trouble brewing in the Senate and met with Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis, a backer of the medical school, to try to get the measure around the roadblock. With Stennis' blessing, the committee knocked the medical school authorization out of the bill, replacing it with vague language calling only for a study of the school's feasibility. The change so mollified the critics, that when the scholarship legislation reached the floor it passed by voice vote, without a word of debate. On the face of it, Hebert had suffered a setback. In reality, things were moving precisely according to plan.

The bill went to conference to reconcile the differences between the House and Senate versions. After a suitable interval, Stennis returned to the Senate and reported that the House negotiators had agreed to alter the scholarship program to meet most of the Senate's objections. But, the House, Stennis continued, was adamant about the medical school. They felt that the concept had been studied long enough, and they insisted on going ahead with it now. The senators reluctantly gave in. To do otherwise, Byrd told his colleagues the day the conference report was brought to the floor, would jeopardize passage of the important scholarship program.

In what amounted to the only Senate debate on the legislation, Dominick, Norris Cotton, and a few others railed against it. Dominick referred to a denunciation of the plan by the National Academy of Sciences and noted that such liberals as Edward Kennedy and Jacob Javits were opposed to going ahead on the school without further study.

It's fair to say that if a vote had been taken that day on the medical school alone, a majority of the Senate would have voted against it. But with the 92nd Congress approaching the adjournment crush and everyone anxious to see the scholarship program launched, opponents decided not to challenge the conference report. Instead, they permitted it to pass by voice vote. Two weeks later Nixon signed the bill.

Yet as Hebert was to find out, even more formidable obstacles lay ahead. "After the signing of the bill, came the real action," he told me. "Weeks went into months and no board of regents had been named." This concerned Hebert because appointment of the board was far more than a formality. Under the legislation, the nine civilians, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, were to conduct "the business of the University." That meant that absolutely nothing could be done until they had been sworn in.

In January, 1973, Elliot Richardson, newly designated as Secretary of Defense, flew to New Orleans to present his credentials to the Armed Services chairman. Hebert took advantage of the occasion to complain about the regents. Richardson, who as HEW Secretary had urged Nixon to veto the legislation, observed that for the President to appoint the regents would constitute tacit approval of the school.

"Tacit approval!" exploded Hebert. "It's the law. There's no tacit approval about it."

As Hebert remembers it, he then asked Richardson if he had read or seen *The Godfather*. Richardson said he had done both. And Hebert responded, "I'll make you a proposi-

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tion you can't turn down. You don't appoint a board and there's no procurement bill."

An End to the Isolated Presidency

The annual military procurement bill, determining as it does which major defense programs will live and which will die, is usually the most important legislation the Pentagon has before Congress. True to his word, Hebert began to sit on the 1973 bill. Committee consideration of the measure was suspended, and a procession of Administration officials trooped up to Hebert's office to find out why.

"I told them that if the regents were not appointed I would not put in the procurement bill. They all said they'd carry the message. But nothing happened. Now mind you, I hadn't seen the President or talked to him. But it didn't take long for me to figure out what was going on over there with Ehrlichman and Haldeman. It was getting blocked."

Hebert has known Nixon since they served together on the old House Un-American Activities Committee during its 1948 investigation. Hebert is a staunch defender of the man and his policies. He has backed the President during the Watergate revelations, blaming any acts of wrongdoing on aides and associates who shielded the President from what was going on.

Hebert decided his only chance of breaking the deadlock and saving the medical school would be to see Nixon in person. A phone call or a letter was ruled out because it would be "screened" by John Ehrlichman or H. R. Haldeman, then in their last days of White House glory.

"Fortunately, I had other means of access." One of them was a reception Nixon gave in late February, 1973, for supporters of his Vietnam policy (which Hebert described as "a little party for the Vietnam white hats").

A day or two before the reception, Hebert had received a letter from Nixon complimenting him on his uncompromising stand against amnesty for draft dodgers and deserters. "It was one of those perfunctory letters. You know, congratulations. A lot of crap. I pay no attention to them." But this one Hebert decided to put to some use. He wrote a reply, thanking Nixon for his kind words and then bringing up the medical school. He mentioned rumors that the White House staff was planning, in effect, to impound the funds authorized for the school by withholding nomination of the regents. Hebert also alluded to what he, in turn, was withholding, namely the procurement bill.

Hebert did not mail the letter, which would have sent it through the White House chain of command. Instead, he carried it with him to the reception and gave it to Nixon on the receiving line. The response came swiftly. At ten o'clock the following morning, Ehrlichman called Hebert to inform him that "the tracks were all clear" on the regents. Around mid-afternoon Nixon called to see if everything was okay. Hebert assured him it certainly was and commended the President for being "a man of action."

Not long afterwards, Nixon sent to the Senate the first six regent nominations (among whom was Dr. Ashton Thomas, an old friend of Hebert's from New Orleans). The Senate confirmed all nine by June 15, 1973. On July 18 the House Armed Services Committee approved the Defense procurement bill. With the ransom paid, the hostage was released. And with the board of regents in place, Defense officials plunged into the planning and organizing of the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences.

Back in 1971 Rep. Otis Pike, one of the least reverent members of the Armed Services Committee, suggested, half jokingly, that the institution ought to be called the F. Edward Hebert School of Military Medicine. Whatever one might think of a medical school for the armed forces, it's difficult to come up with a more fitting name. ■

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Memo of the Month

M E M O R A N D U M

College of Business Administration and Economics

February 20, 1974

TO: B A & Econ Faculty

FROM: Bryce J. Brisbin, Dean BJB

SUBJECT: Physical Change in Classrooms

It has just been brought to my attention that some person or persons unknown have rearranged the tables and chairs in GU 301, our seminar room into a typical classroom arrangement. I don't know the reason for the change but I would remind all faculty that no physical change in a classroom is to be made without the recommendation of the Faculty Advisory Council (see Minutes F.A.C. November 6, 1973, Item No. 1). A change of the seating arrangement in mid-semester without approval of the F.A.C. or the Dean certainly is not in harmony with the F.A.C. statement and might cause serious inconvenience to other users of the room.

In the event any faculty member desires another seating arrangement or other physical changes to the room, please bring it to me in advance and I will refer it to the Faculty Advisory Council for its study and recommendation.

I am uncertain as to what action to take at this time. According to the F.A.C. rule the room should be rearranged into seminar fashion. However, I will await action by the F.A.C. before having the change effected. I would be happy to discuss the room arrangement with any faculty who teach in Guthrie 301.

BJB:hj

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After Oil, Everything:

Looking Back: Kopkind on I.F. Stone/S

Ramparts

The End of Muckraking Magazines

TERRORISM AND THE LEFT

". . . In whose name and on whose behalf did the SLA execute Superintendent Foster? In what sense was their Court of the People, *of* the People at all? In what sense was it a court? But perhaps all this has a purpose: perhaps it is just a license to kill."

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by Adam Hochschild

I first heard of *Ramparts* when I was an apprentice newspaper reporter in San Francisco in the mid-1960s. I often sat in the city room listening, over the clatter of news tickers and the squawks of the police radio, to the older reporters talk about all the stories they couldn't get into the paper. There were dozens, all told with a bitter humor: a multi-million dollar sewer construction swindle, embarrassing remarks by a candidate for mayor the paper was backing, six months of a reporter's research on a tax official's misdeeds. I was surprised and disappointed all this could not be reported; in college I had imagined myself a crusading reporter, and moreover had thought this would be a fine way to be a part of the movement for civil rights and social justice which had begun in the Kennedy years.

Ramparts was an exciting alternative in those days. In 1966 it had broken such stories as how Michigan State University had helped train the South Vietnamese secret police; it also published an autobiographical account by Don Duncan, a former Special Forces sergeant, documenting practices like torturing prisoners and killing civilians—things no longer news now, but which were then. And the San Francisco-based *Ramparts* did all this with a dazzle totally unlike the earnest greyness of the serious liberal or radical magazines. Major stories were written with the liveliness of detective novels; on the cover of the issue with his story was a color photo of Master Sergeant Duncan with all his medals, under the headline "I Quit!" (Michigan State's role in Vietnam was illustrated by a cover of Madame Nhu as a MSU cheerleader.) A little flashy, perhaps, but it leapt out at you from the newsstands, and more and more people were paying attention.

I went to work as a staff writer for *Ramparts* in the fall of 1966. Each month brought some new exposé. The most important, which will remain a small landmark in the history of how Americans lost their innocence in the Vietnam era, was the disclosure that for years the CIA had financed a number of supposedly private organizations, including the National Student Association (NSA). I helped work on the story in a very small way, and still remember the tension that built up in the office as the deadline approached: the meetings held in restaurants so no one could overhear, the dashing out to phone booths to get away from tapped telephones.

The story was front-page news all over the world. Its publication followed a pattern which for some months worked marvelously: find an exposé major newspapers are afraid to touch, publish it with a big enough splash so they can't afford to ignore it (as, for example, they had ignored various aspects of the CIA/NSA story disclosed in previous years by a congressional committee, by *The Nation*, and by an SDS pamphlet), and then publicize it in a way that plays the news media off against each other.

To do the last, *Ramparts* would leak the story in advance to *The New York Times*. If it checked out, the *Times* would run it. And once certified as bona fide news, there would be the familiar sight of a row of station wagons from the San Francisco TV stations lined up outside the office when we came to work the next morning. For a week after the CIA story first broke, the *Times* and other leading newspapers competed to see

Adam Hochschild was a writer for Ramparts.

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who could unravel the tale further, chiefly by searching for anyone else who had received money from the foundations we had identified as CIA conduits. We watched all this with a heady sense of being part of something new in modern American journalism: we were a magazine of dissent, but we were being *heard*.

Ramparts has weathered many storms since then, but now it is in the midst of perhaps its worst. In what is usually the last gasp of a dying magazine, the subscription list is up for sale. So perhaps this is as good a time as any to take a look at the magazine's history. For it is a story which has something to say not just about *Ramparts* itself, and not just about the movement (we used to call it The Movement) for radical change in America, but also about the process of political journalism and the limits of the muckraking on which *Ramparts* made its name.

Ramparts was founded in 1962 by Edward Keating, a wealthy convert to Catholicism, who first used the magazine to call for reform in the Catholic Church. But Keating, a real estate investor, had no experience in journalism, and to edit his magazine he hired Warren Hinckle III, a young San Francisco reporter and public relations man. Hinckle broadened the magazine's circulation and coverage until eventually there was an article on Catholic matters only every few months. In the process he used up most of Keating's money, and went out and raised more. Finally, in the first of the coups and counter-coups which have characterized *Ramparts*' history, Keating tried to fire Hinckle; Hinckle rallied the other backers to his side and deposed Keating. The staff discovered all this when we arrived at the office one morning to find the locks had been changed.

Hinckle was only 28 during *Ramparts*' heyday and was an extraordinary phenomenon. He was a huge pirate of a man, a 200-pounder with a black patch on one eye, and he raced through each 18-hour day with dizzying speed. All action swirled around him: a pet monkey named Henry Luce would sit on his shoulder while he paced his office, drink in hand, shouting instructions into a speakerphone across the room to someone in New York about a vast promotional mailing; on his couch would be sitting, slightly dazed, a French television crew, or Malcolm X's widow (who arrived one day surrounded by a dozen bodyguards with loaded shotguns), or the private detective to whom Hinckle had given the title of Criminology Editor. Then would follow a business lunch where Hinckle would consume a dozen Scotches without showing the slightest effect and sketch dummies of the next issue's pages on the restaurant's placemats. Finally he'd be off on the night plane to see new backers in the East.

In New York, Hinckle and his managing editor, Robert Scheer, held court at the Algonquin Hotel. James Ridgeway captured the atmosphere in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* several years ago: "In the dining room Hinckle would be recounting his scheme for a publishing empire, expanding *Ramparts*, starting one, two, or three radio and television stations, starting an authors' agency, setting up teams of reporters who would get the goods on LBJ, NATO, the Pope, etc. *Ramparts* would publish books, set up book clubs, start a syndicate. . . . If one dared to ask where the money was really going to come from, Hinckle would fall back into his chair and suck on his grasshopper while Scheer lunged forward. 'What's the matter?' he'd say, 'Got no guts?' It was like a visit with Cohn and Schine."

Hinckle was an experience, and the experience usually overwhelmed people and separated them from either their money or their common sense. His greatest talent was public relations. One example: In 1966 there was a newspaper strike in San Francisco, and Hinckle, in a typically inspired but absurd move, jumped into the gap by starting a daily paper.

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A daily paper takes a lot of reporters, a lot of money, and a lot of people to distribute it, none of which *Ramparts* had. So the *Daily Ramparts* soon became the *Sunday Ramparts*. Some months later, when the paper was draining great amounts of money and manpower from the magazine we were trying to put out at the same time, Hinckle reluctantly killed it. He held press conferences at any excuse and called one to announce the paper's death. He began his spiel to the assembled reporters: "Gentlemen, the *Sunday Ramparts* died today. It died . . . of success." And he went on to say how: the paper was *so* successful, readers and distributors were demanding *so* many more copies, that we simply could not fill the demand. He expounded on all this at length, and so charmed everyone with his customary flair, that nobody really questioned him. After the press conference was over, I watched a radio newsman use one of our phones to call in his story for broadcast. Clearing his throat and adopting that deep, authoritative radio voice, he began: "The newspaper *Sunday Ramparts* died today, died . . . of success. Editor Warren Hinckle said . . . ."

To be a good editor you need not only a skillful pen but also the tact of a diplomat and the patience of a wet-nurse. Hinckle had the pen but not the rest. One time he commissioned two writers to do two separate articles on different aspects of the same subject—the 1967 trial of Captain Howard Levy, the dissenting Army officer. The evening before they had to go to the typesetter, Hinckle decided the articles would look better combined. So he stayed up most of the night rewriting them into one story in his own colorful style (blurring a few facts in the process), put both writers' by-lines on it, and flew off to New York. The first either of the writers heard of it was after the magazine was printed.

A magazine editor also has to cope with the sheer flow of material. At the height of its fame, *Ramparts* received about 40 unsolicited manuscripts a day. Most were returned immediately, but a certain proportion always looked interesting enough to merit further reading and were routed to the desks of various editors. And there they sat. For months or, literally, years. The *Ramparts* editors never mastered the flow. Once I saw Robert Scheer, just returned from a trip abroad, despairingly confront a vast, half-sorted tangle of things on his desk: press releases, unanswered letters, unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, phone messages, speaking invitations, article queries. He stared at it silently a few moments, then lined up a wastebasket at the end of his desk and slid the whole mess into it.

After a while, this behavior began to earn the *Ramparts* editors a widespread reputation for arrogance and insensitivity. Even though the magazine was publishing everyone from Barry Commoner to Jean Lacouture, increasing numbers of writers would have nothing to do with it; photo agencies wouldn't send pictures unless they were paid in advance. I felt increasingly reluctant to identify myself as a *Ramparts* reporter. Periodically Hinckle and Scheer would vow to turn over a new leaf, and would appoint some new editor whose job was to see that writers didn't keep getting abused, but they never gave the person any real power. A few months of chasing lost manuscripts and making promises to writers and later discovering you didn't have the authority to keep them, drove the numerous people who tried it, including me, out of the job.

Hinckle and Scheer ran *Ramparts* capriciously, as if it were a toy. Their power was absolute, and they were always rearranging the magazine at the last moment when they changed their minds about articles or had some catchy new idea. As a result it missed one or two issues a year (always explained away gracefully, in the "died . . . of success" manner, in a note on the table of contents page),

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running up thousands of dollars in overtime typesetting costs.

And always, there was money. *Ramparts* lost somewhere between $300,000 and $500,000 a year; no one was exactly sure how much. It finally ran up a debt of over $2 million. The saddest thing about these financial squeezes was that the people who needed the money most were often paid last. The big creditors could get their money by threatening to call a loan and the printer could always threaten to stop the presses. That left the photographers, artists, and writers to wait and wait for their checks.

But while this was going on, Hinckle and Scheer were living it up. They flew East, first class, once or twice a month. Hinckle hired limousines to get him about in New York, and everywhere he went he took large groups of people out to meals on credit cards—often, in effect, wining and dining prospective investors with money they hadn't invested yet. When one credit card company started complaining, he simply switched cards. He and Scheer, pleased with the idea of themselves as part of an old literary tradition, frolicked at the Algonquin and reportedly ran up a bill there for more than $50,000.

Ultimately the flashiness had a corrupting effect on the magazine. The glossy covers had too many boasts of "Exclusive!"; there were too many *Esquire*-style staged photographs (like the one of Christ on a cross in the middle of a Vietnam battlefield). No one cared very much about accuracy. An unending series of conspiracy-theory stories about President Kennedy's assassination grew increasingly murky—mysterious deaths and strange coincidences and hinted conspiracies—and never added up to anything solid.

At the time of its greatest prominence, *Ramparts* had managed to combine a distinctly Left political view with the things necessary to reach a wide audience: large-scale direct mail promotion, advertising, lively typography, art and photographs, skillful public relations. These auxiliary skills *are* absolutely necessary if you don't want to merely talk to a small clique of readers who agree with you already. But using the techniques of the society you're attacking is dangerous, unless you're completely clear about your own intentions. The *Ramparts* editors were never sure whether they wanted a magazine that was radical or one that was commercially successful, and in the end the package got the better of the product.

The Great Crash came soon after the 1968 Democratic Convention. The editors descended on Chicago for a week, renting a 10-room suite costing $10,000 at the Ambassador Hotel. The idea was to put out, with typical *Ramparts* attention to form over substance, a daily newspaper called the *Ramparts Wallposter*. (A bit of radical chic imitating the French student revolts of several months before.) But Hinckle saw the convention demonstrations, like everything else, from inside a comfortable bar, and the *Wallposter* staff revolted when he published a banner-headline story: TEAR GAS IN THE PUMP ROOM!

Soon afterwards came the rebellions back at the magazine's home office. The investors were fed up with Hinckle's lavish ways with their money, the staff with much more. Both groups began demanding limits on his power, which he was unwilling to give. Still press-conferencing full blast, he announced to the world that most of the *Ramparts* editorial staff was leaving the magazine, with him, to start a new journal called *Barricades*. The idea was to put out a similar publication while neatly side-stepping *Ramparts*' colossal debts. But the ploy failed, and the only resignation was his own.

Scheer was deposed not long after Hinckle. I had left the magazine in disgust before all this, but I found it easy to follow events by keeping up with angry petitions that periodically arrived in my mail. From a distance it looked good: the magazine's proletar-

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iat of underpaid researchers and other staff people was revolting, and it was high time. When *Ramparts* was finally reorganized so that it was actually owned by a collective of staff members from all departments, it sounded like a good guarantee against its previous autocracy.

I've often wondered why the coups took so long to come. I participated in only a few hesitant protests in the two years I was there. Things which would have seemed outrageous anywhere else I viewed as simple personal disagreements between me and the management. Others who came and went from *Ramparts* then—and there were many—were the same. We let the magazine's label excuse too much. Wasn't *Ramparts* a radical magazine after all? And the only one with a mass circulation? Hadn't it run photos of Vietnamese children maimed by American bombs when no other publication dared to? Then it was still on our side, and its gross inaccuracy here, or unethical treatment of someone there, was somehow less serious than if some other magazine had done them. In a way, our attitude was a little like that of the American socialists in the first decades of Soviet Russia.

The Ramparts Curse

For the next several years I had little to do with *Ramparts*. I read it sporadically, followed the court gossip, and saw in the magazine's pages hazy promises of reorganizations, expanded coverage, Washington bureaus. But curiously, no matter which new editor was in and which old one was kicked out, the magazine stayed the same. The community of radical journalists in this country is small, and I kept running into people who had horror stories about their treatment. At parties we would gather in one corner: "... yes, but wait till you hear what they did to *me* ...." A friend went to the magazine to search for a manuscript that had not been returned; he found a whole roomful. Even though its originators had gone, *Ramparts*' arrogant style lingered on. It was as if there were a Ramparts Curse, which had stayed with the magazine through successive generations of editors. (A number of ex-staff members believe in the Ramparts Curse; I met one recently who claimed that the reason for the curse is that God is really a liberal Catholic and got mad at the magazine when it kicked out its founder, Church reformer Edward Keating.)

What had once been the arrogance of a magazine on the rise became, in the years after Hinckle, the arrogance of a magazine impoverished and declining. *Ramparts* lost circulation steadily through the early 70s, going from over 200,000 to around 60,000 today. The magazine was rather uneven during this period, mirroring the uncertainties of its time and its readers by heading off in some strange directions: Pop-Art covers, an article on how to cheat the phone company, a long piece almost endorsing one of the new gurus. A December, 1973, cover story, "The Third Sex" implied you were just not with it if you weren't actively bisexual.

Some aspects improved. Hinckle-style high-spending stopped, partly because there was no more money to spend. Editors and staff alike worked long hours at low wages, producing some thoughtful editorials and more serious political writing. And the magazine finally hired a fact-checker, to verify information in articles. There were good stories too: an extraordinary account of the electronic spying by the National Security Administration, penetrating radical critiques of American foundations and the politics of population control, and some long-overdue self-criticism of New Left strategy.

In fact, when I look back at copies of the magazine from the last several years, I'm surprised at how much good stuff there was. Surprised because I, and I think a lot of other people, remember it as being much worse. I think the reason for this is a

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pitfall in magazine editing akin to the old saw about how you can't be only partly a virgin. You can have nine really solid articles, but if the tenth is "The Third Sex," or an uncritical paean to one of *Ramparts*' favorite sacred cows, like the Black Panthers, the North Vietnamese, or at one period of time, Cuba,* that's the one everybody will remember and judge the magazine by.

But there was a deeper problem than these behind *Ramparts*' decline; it was beyond the editors' control and in a way was a credit to their earlier victories. Now, in the early 70s, suddenly everyone was doing muckraking. On at least some of the better newspapers, reporters were no longer sitting around the city rooms complaining about the stories they couldn't write, as they had when I had started in San Francisco. Before the Bay of Pigs *The New York Times* knew the invasion was coming and said nothing; ten years later it published the Pentagon Papers. And it hired Seymour Hersh, the man who had broken the My Lai massacre story for the tiny Dispatch News Service, to do full-time muckraking. The style of searching for hidden scandals which *Ramparts* and a few other lonely voices had begun finally culminated in Woodward and Bernstein. *Ramparts*, and the other magazines which had been in the vanguard of muckraking suddenly found themselves well to the rear, and in need of a new role.

When a newspaper can throw a whole team of reporters into an investigation for months, a magazine with a small budget can't compete. And it *shouldn't* compete, on the same terms. When newspapers are telling us what happens, a magazine has a reason to exist only if it can tell us why and how it happens, and a lot more besides.

A magazine's opportunities are thus difficult and complicated. It's worth digressing to examine them, for they provide a useful standard by which to judge not just *Ramparts*, but a lot of other magazines as well.

The Right Kind of Muckraking

For one thing, a magazine that doesn't have a newspaper's daily deadline pressure can take the time and care to examine not just what the unemployment statistics are or what the Senate voted on yesterday, but what it *feels like* to be on unemployment, or to be a senator. For often that is an essential part of understanding why the senator votes for bigger bombers, or why an unemployed man throws rocks at a black family moving onto his block. No newspaper would have published Elinor Langer's series of articles about working for the telephone company that appeared in *The New York Review of Books* a few years ago, or James C. Thomson's examination in *The Atlantic* of the sexual and cultural climate of the bureaucracy of Vietnam-era Washington, or Susan Sontag's account of her trip to Hanoi, which was as much an examination of herself as of Vietnam. Yet these pieces brought readers a richness and subtlety of understanding even the best newspaper never would. These are difficult articles to get, for you can't just point somebody in one direction and say, "There's the story, go get it." You commission five such pieces and maybe only one of them will be really good. But you have to make the effort.

Another matter: Whether it is on the left or the right, any magazine that is consistently objecting to the status quo has a responsibility to hold

*I resigned from the magazine in 1968 because it would not print, or even really discuss with me, an article I had been commissioned to do on Cuba. The piece was mainly favorable, but it also made some criticisms of the Cuban regime. The Cubans had just given *Ramparts* Che Guevara's Bolivia Diary, and I was told we couldn't do anything that would risk offending them. Perhaps this wasn't the only reason why I had to publish the article elsewhere—writers always prefer to think that editors who don't like their work do so only for the most scurrilous motives. But the fact that Che diary business was mentioned at all makes my point about sacred cow tendencies.

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up some sort of a vision of the society it wants instead. I don't mean that every article must conform to a political line, or that the magazine has to sound like a party platform, but some sense of that vision must be there. When you look back at the journalism of the 19th-century socialists—from the Marxists to the Fabians—this is the quality it had.

Today this kind of writing does not have to be fanciful Utopian sketches out of somebody's imagination. One advantage we've got over the last century is that the world is diverse enough now so that somewhere, somebody is likely to be *doing* a lot of the things you're advocating. And so you can go and take a look at it with all the tools of good reporting: a critical eye, accuracy, a sensitivity to your own emotional responses, and a sense of humor. This way of doing things is important, because it also helps avoid the dullingly negative quality that magazines of social criticism tend to have. When you attack the big media conglomerates, you can also do an article on the remarkable popularly controlled national radio system in Holland. When you have a photo-essay on the horrendous depersonalization of the American automobile assembly line, you can also look at some of the new cooperatively owned factories in France. Every article doesn't have to be treated this way, but this gives an idea of the possibilities.

Ramparts did a little of this, but not nearly enough, because it never quite found a personality that was a strong alternative to its old role as a muckraker. Don't get me wrong: I think some muckraking is valuable, and I'm glad more newspapers are doing it—particularly at a time when the government is trying to frighten broadcasters away from controversy. But muckraking has its limits, and one of them is that it can distract you away from the more thoughtful kind of analysis I just outlined.

There is a certain danger in muckraking, namely the idea that the gist of it is to expose an evil so it can be corrected. And that leads you toward exposing only those evils that *can* be corrected; newspapers win Pulitzer prizes when their stories send a crooked union official to jail or force a congressman out of office. And so the problem is that if you just expose a particular evil, without any deeper analysis, people will respond with changes that just touch the surface. After *Ramparts* exposed the CIA's support of the NSA and other groups, some liberal senators promptly suggested a consortium of public and private funding to support these same organizations doing the same work, since they couldn't get CIA money any more.

A good muckraking story should be much more than that: a window onto society's very structure. The CIA story could have been that window. Yet *Ramparts* was so concerned with making as big a splash as possible with the disclosure that it never really presented a serious political analysis. And there was much to analyze: that the CIA found it profitable to support a liberal, anti-colonialist group like the NSA said a great deal about the different faces of American anti-communism. Or, to take another example, a newspaper can reveal that a Spiro Agnew is on the take and can force him out of office; but a magazine that is radical in the best sense of the word must go beyond that and examine the whole system behind it. It is not enough to throw the rascals out: you must look at the mixture of psychological and financial motives, the values and cultural climate, the complexities of relationships between political leaders and people vying for their favor, and the economic system in which almost anything is available for a price, which turned them into rascals in the first place. Evil men and destructive institutions are made, not born, and unless you can give some insight into the process, your reader might as well stick to the six o'clock news.

We're not the first generation in

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this country to learn the limits of muckraking, but one problem with American radicals today is that we often choose to forget our history. It was only after my enthusiasm with *Ramparts* and its exposes faded, and I had left the magazine, that I remembered one day the college paper I did on the first muckrakers. The paradigm I had taken was Upton Sinclair, who wrote *The Jungle* to stir people to action over the exploitation of the working class and the need for socialism, and was dismayed to find instead that it only resulted in the Pure Food and Drug Act.

The Hundred Days

I watched *Ramparts*' decline with a mixture of I-told-you-so satisfaction and sadness that a magazine that had promised so much was speaking in so uncertain a voice and to an ever-smaller circle of readers. Then towards the end of 1973 I was looking for a job. I heard that *Ramparts*, seeking a way out of its morass, had asked Paul Jacobs, a veteran San Francisco journalist and equally veteran radical, to take over as editor. Jacobs is a feisty 55-year-old with the energy of a man of 20, who has written numerous articles and books and has made himself an expert on the Middle East, covering that conflict trenchantly from both sides. When the chance came to work with him at *Ramparts*, I said yes; here at last was someone strong enough to break the Ramparts Curse. I felt still better as I got to know another person who would be with us, Richard Parker, a young economist-turned-journalist, author of a book on income distribution and a founder of a good—and solvent—alternative newspaper in Santa Barbara, California.

Most important, we shared a vision of what a robust Left magazine *Ramparts* could be: a journal on the model I described a few pages ago, vigorously socialist yet not hesitating to criticize the fashionable blind spots of American radicals.

We also wanted a magazine which kept promises to writers, paid on time, and edited articles with the sympathy of three people who had been free-lancers themselves. Some of our journalist friends were enthusiastic and agreed to write. Others said things along the lines of: you guys may be all right, but you'll never pull all that off with *Ramparts*. They were right.

We lasted three months. Then all three of us resigned, with a good deal of anger. In one of the manifestos traded during those months of conflict between us and some of the old *Ramparts* staff, references were made to "irreconcilable differences" between us and them—which is, I realized later, the language of the newly reformed California divorce law, where neither partner is held to blame. Perhaps the same should apply here. Hence in what follows I'll try mainly to ask what lessons there are for the future. For that is the only reason to spread the troubles of one small and faltering institution over so many pages in the first place.

It would be nice to say that Jacobs, Parker, and I left *Ramparts* over some matter of great principle—a disagreement about China or about the question of terrorism. But not so. Things fell apart over much more mundane issues. There were disagreements over our wanting to hire professional advertising salesmen and graphics designers. The boundaries of authority were murky between Jacobs (officially editor), Parker (managing editor), and myself on the one hand, and the three other staff members who sat with us on a six-person "editorial board." They were rather rudimentary questions of power and control, and they showed that none of us had ever absorbed the lessons they probably teach in Business Administration 1A: that lines of authority must be clear, that factional disputes develop a momentum of their own, that simple actions (e.g., getting a new cover designer) grow complicated when they mean wresting power from

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someone else.

I learned a great deal about my own capacity for unfairness and ferocity in such disputes, and about how the process narrows your vision. You do not admit that the other side's idea for an article is good or that an author your side contacted produced a bad piece, because to do so weakens your position. Factional warfare escalated; both sides broke promises; meetings followed meetings; people charged that your demands of the 20th broke faith with the ultimatum agreed to on the 19th, and so on. I could see the end was near when we reached what I have noticed (from having watched it happen several times) is usually the climactic phase of factional disputes: the Time of the Caucuses. You come to work in the morning and find three or four people slipping into someone's office and shutting the door; other tenants on the same floor wonder why groups of people are always out whispering in the hallway.

Meanwhile, the magazine continued to be published during our dispute, almost as if it were a separate entity. Some issues were excellent. I remember one scene that could have come out of *Day for Night*: We were sitting around having one of our interminable meetings. The door to the conference room popped open, and in walked the business manager with the first copies, just rushed from the printer, of our latest issue. The argument we were having briefly gave way to a collective sigh of pleasure, as we handed the copies around the room lovingly, remembered how much work had gone into the issue, and discussed how, despite the misprint here or the transposed photos there, it was still pretty damn good. This lasted four or five minutes, and then the bickering resumed.

Nowhere were the unresolved questions more apparent than in the notion that everything had to be run by a "collective." American radicals of the last few years have been pretty faddish and foolish about a lot of things, and up to a few months ago it was a foolishness I shared. When we agreed to a six–person *Ramparts* editorial board, I did not think twice about the fact that none of the other people in the group (besides Jacobs, Parker, and myself), had ever written a magazine or newspaper article. Rather it appealed to me: there seemed something vaguely innovative in the idea that hard work in the less glamorous areas of the magazine (the others had previously done mostly production, advertising, and copy-editing) should earn you something.

In retrospect, I wonder if the idea really had that kind of merit. As time went on and the three of us grew to respect the abilities of certain of our colleagues less and less, the whole arrangement seemed increasingly insane. In addition to the question of relevant skills was simply the stupefying amount of time and energy it takes to run every major decision through a group of six people. You end up spending all day in meetings, instead of thinking, writing, or editing manuscripts.

I think there *is* something good in the idea of collective control. Many magazines have some kind of editorial board; for trying out ideas or finding ways to improve an article, four or five heads are usually better than one. Also, there is the simple question of justice: virtually all newspapers and magazines in this country are controlled simply by whoever had the luck to inherit them or the money to buy them. *Any* other system is bound to be more equitable than that. There is also a good practice at *Ramparts* and a few other surviving New Left enterprises–you are paid according not to title, but to need; most people get the same base wage, those with dependents get more. You can be too rigid about such things, but at least they embody the idea that you have to run your own lives along the lines you are advocating for society as a whole. Also you need a structure flexible enough so that people–particularly women–don't get trapped

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forever in menial jobs. But there is a difference between offering someone the chance to learn to write and edit and acting as if he or she had the skill already. In its zeal to change everything the New Left has thrown away a few things too many, and one is the notion of apprenticeship.

Few businessmen or administrators would have had trouble recognizing the problems that were developing, but there was an unspoken proscription against openly discussing them at *Ramparts*. Once or twice, at the beginning, when some incident raised the sticky question of who would have the final authority to edit a manuscript, it was brushed aside with "well, we'll work it out in practice," and "we just have to learn to trust each other." Near the heart of that attitude, I think, was a certain naive arrogance, a vague feeling that because we were a Movement magazine, because we were battling the Goliaths of the oil industry and the Nixon Administration, we were somehow not bound by the laws that affected everyone else in the world—laws of common sense office procedure and a clear spelling out of who's in charge here.

Ramparts is not alone in its office politics problems. In the last few years, scores of operations on the Left—womens' groups, peace campaigns, free schools, and alternative media like the Pacifica network of radio stations (where things get so bad the different factions denounce each other on the air)—have all had trouble with the bugbear of power. Power, its implications in normal human relations, the need to arrange it intelligently, is the American Left's latest taboo. In his notable essay, "The Pornography of Death," the British anthropologist Geoffrey Forer says that certain subjects are taboo because they so gravely threaten the values on which prevailing patterns of thought are built. Gorer says the Victorians were prudish about sex because the human body was thought inherently sinful; today we understand the body much better but we no longer believe in the afterlife, hence death is obscene.

Taboo subjects are often those you cannot comprehend or conquer. We handle power badly because it is so wrapped up with the things we are fighting: that other kind of power that can drop thousands of tons of bombs, can buy judges and congressmen, can close down a factory and throw 500 people out of work. We are repulsed by the idea of spelling out clearly where power lies, because this kind of clarity so often goes with rigid hierarchies: the military, civil service, big corporations.

As I was finishing writing these recollections, a friend called to tell me *Ramparts* had just accepted a review from him: They said it was great, a brilliant critique of writer X, and it would run in the next issue. A few days later he called again: he had just been told his review had been bumped for "lack of space." A few days after that he managed to get someone to admit that they hoped to get writer X to write for *Ramparts* and did not want to offend him. Later, embarrassed, more editors offered other reasons. And so the magazine is back to its old ways.

I've learned a good deal from those times when the strange path of *Ramparts* has crossed my own, so it has not been a waste. For all its faults, *Ramparts* has not been a waste either. Small magazines in the United States are probably doomed to be like third parties—their most lasting effect is to have a few of their ideas picked up by their stronger and more conservative competitors. Cooptation, watering-down; yes—but that is better than nothing. *Ramparts*' exposés were necessary steps on the way towards a climate that allowed a *Washington Post* editor to keep pushing his reporters to take a closer look at the story even after seven men went to jail for Watergate. ■

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POLITICAL NUMBERS

Big is Bad for Us All

by John Winslow

Conglomerates are no longer making the headlines the way they did in the late 1960s, but the trend toward concentration of major industries continues unabated. One third of the major independent corporations in existence between 1960 and 1968 have since been purchased by acquisitive conglomerates. Unlike the high-fliers that built and lost paper empires in the 1969s, today's conglomerates are motivated by more traditional economic ambitions to dominate specific industries and create captive markets for related products.

Spokesmen for the corporate giants insist that the trend toward bigness is dictated by logical, indeed inevitable, economic forces. Yet they have given us precious little data to prove their point. In fact, raw economic statistics about how well companies perform before and after they are acquired by a conglomerate is one of the business world's most tightly guarded secrets.

The government has played a rather strange game with these statistics, sometimes aggressively extracting information from recalcitrant companies and then vigilantly keeping it from the public. In 1973, after many false starts, the Federal Trade Commission finally succeeded in collecting performance data from 348 companies which had been purchased conglomerates. But when the FTC issued a public report on the subject, it deleted all the specific mentions of which companies had profited or declined after being purchased by conglomerates. According to one of its own staff economists (testifying before Senator Gaylord Nelson's Small Business Subcommittee), the FTC "protected conglomerate managers from their stockholders by keeping specific [management] mistakes secret." Worse, the FTC guarded against the risk of Daniel Ellsbergs in its midst by sending copies of a "hot report" containing this raw information through a shredder.

Following the FTC's lead, the Federal Communications Commission has also worked hard to keep its performance data from the public. Beginning in 1970, the FCC hired additional staff to investigate whether corporate takeovers in the communi-

John F. Winslow is the author of Conglomerates Unlimited *(Indiana University Press).*

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cations industry led to better or worse service. Whatever its findings may be, the Commission has steadfastly refused to release them—or to explain why the public must be protected from this information.

There are, however, a few other sources of information about conglomerate performance. Recently there have been eight different government investigations of conglomerates (by the Senate Small Business Subcommittee on Monopoly, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, the House Ways and Means Committee, the Department of Justice, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability, and the House Antitrust Subcommittee). Every one of these reports—as well as a study conducted by the New York Stock Exchange—concluded that companies were generally *less* efficient after acquisition. At best, they maintained their previous efficiency.

Some of the most interesting findings come from the House Antitrust Subcommittee study. With the support of Congress, the subcommittee was able to force four of the largest conglomerates—ITT, Litton Industries, Ling-Temco-Vought, and Gulf and Western Industries—to provide data on how the acquired companies performed both before and after their takeover. This was by far the largest collection of data on conglomerate performance ever made public.

The statistics came from 28 companies the four conglomerates had purchased, and they were judged by three efficiency standards: net income as a percentage of sales (that is, how much profit the company earned from its sales), net income as a percentage of assets (how much profit each unit of equipment and capital produced), and sales as a percentage of assets (how many sales each unit of equipment generated). The three ratios are obviously related and tend to move in the same direction. The ratios can fall if a company cuts its prices, but the world being what it is, when they fall it is usually because the company's internal costs have risen—that is, because it is less efficient.

The results were clear. Twenty-one of the 28 acquired companies showed declining performance as measured by at least two of the three barometers. Twenty-two of the companies declined in what many feel is the most important area, net income as a percentage of assets. The subcommittee report commented, "Inasmuch as these companies perform in many different industries. . . it would be reasonable to conclude that these ratios reflect ineffective management."

Within the last few years many aesthetic and political objections have been raised to the conglomerate trend. They deserve to be joined by the simple economic case: conglomerates are an inefficient way to do business. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Air Force Talent Hunt

Civil service columnists—one of the journalistic species peculiar to life in Washington—occasionally publicize jobs in the federal government that are going begging for want of qualified applicants, Mike Causey, who writes "The Federal Diary" column in *The Washington Post* passed this memo on to us:

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS, 1ST COMPOSITE SUPPORT GROUP (HQ COMD USAF)
ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, WASHINGTON DC 20331

REPLY TO ATTN OF: DPCR

25 FEB 1974

SUBJECT: Hard-To-Fill Vacancy

1. We would appreciate publicity in your column on the following position:

Superintendent for Golf Course, NC-10/11, $13,379/14,671 per annum.

2. The person filling this position will be responsible for cultivating and maintaining the Golf Course. Directs and supervises purchase of all equipment, supplies and services for the maintenance of the Golf Course.

3. Qualified applicants are encouraged to contact the Civilian Personnel Office, Building 3720, Andrews Air Force Base or call 981-5604 for further information.

A Keen Judge of Character

If you wonder what kind of personnel a President Ford would bring into the government, a new biography called *Jerry Ford, Up Close*, due for publication this month reveals that he was the one who recommended G. Gordon Liddy for employment by the Nixon Administration.

Case Closed

For people who think the Supreme Court *Miranda* decision was soft-headed, there is edification in Peter Schrag's new book on the Ellsberg trial, *Test of Loyalty*. The Beverly Hills Police Department had pinned the burglary of Ellsberg's psychiatrist on "a small-time, second-story man and purse-snatcher named Elmer Davis." It's one thing to mistakenly recognize a modus operandi, but in this case the local police went a big step further. "In the course of another investigation," Schrag writes, "the police had succeeded in getting Davis to 'confess'. . . and had written off the case as solved."

Small Businessmen

Those who have been doubtful about the sincerity of the Republican commitment to vigorous enforcement of the anti-trust laws can take comfort from this announcement in the Republican Congressional Committee Newsletter: "A Republican task force to look into anti-competitive practices and monopolistic concentrations of power will be chaired by Rep. H. John Heinz II of Pennsylvania." In their search for a vice chairman, we hope they won't overlook Rep. Pierre S. duPont IV (R-Del.).

True Believers Take Their Lumps

For all the troops who loyally go forth to battle misty-eyed with devotion to their leader, there can only be further inspiration from these items from the news:

Herbert Porter, who will be remembered for telling the Senate Select Committee how he had worked for Nixon from the time he was a boy right up through his perjury to the Grand Jury, will be touched to learn that John Dean's mention of his name to the President drew this response: "Who is Porter (unintelligible)?"

Equally touching, for those Kennedy loyalists who still find the music associated with the late President's funeral unbearably evocative, will be this report from Betty Beale of *The Washington Star-News*:

Eunice Shriver. . . said she had gone to her sister Pat Lawford's costume housewarming party dressed as the first woman president. Mrs. Lawford has a new home on Sutton Place. Mrs. Shriver sported a top hat and cutaway over her evening dress and carried a cassette that played "Hail to the Chief."

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Pete Dawkins

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Collecting Merit Badges: The White House Fellows

by Peter Rand

Fifteen years ago, Pete Dawkins was captain of the West Point football team. Dawkins was an All-American, winner of the Heisman and Maxwell trophies. A dozen years ago he was at Oxford, a Rhodes Scholar and rugby star. Today, at age 35, Pete Dawkins is the most enduringly promising person in the whole country, and one of the more famous in that category. I mentioned his name in a bar one night, and immediately someone beside me turned and recited Dawkins' achievements. Since West Point and Oxford he has been a battalion commander in Korea, a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at Princeton, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and even chairman of the Armed Services Committee of the YMCA. He is everyone's favorite choice to be Army Chief of Staff in the 1990s, and his Army assignment last year put him in the Chief of Staff's office. This year the path to glory has led Pete Dawkins, as it has led him in the past, away from the Army and toward one of the civilian world's honorary pursuits. This year Pete Dawkins is a White House Fellow.

While Dawkins is the most famous of the 17 men and women now holding the Fellowship, and for that matter is one of the most renowned of all Fellows in the ten-year history of the program, his career and its long string of notable berths epitomizes what the White House Fellowships are all about. And the White House Fellowships are, in their own turn, an enlargement and idealization of a central current in American culture—that drive, often misleadingly labeled "achievement," which propels people along in a continual search for badges of accomplishment, emblems of success. "Achievers" is the wrong thing to call such people, because for them the question of whether or not something is achieved in the world is far off

Peter Rand is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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to the side of the main question, which is what new identity the person can collect attempting a new activity. As much as any class of winners, the White House Fellows illustrate the contrast between "making it" with a new credential and "doing it" with some clear goal in mind.

The White House Fellows program was John Gardner's idea when he was serving as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and as befits the author of *Excellence* and *Self Renewal*, it was a noble idea. "If the sparsely settled American colonies of the late 18th century could produce Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, and others of superlative talent, breadth, and statesmanship," Lyndon Johnson asked in announcing the program, "should we not be able to produce, in this generation, ten times that number?"

In 1964, acting upon Gardner's inspiration, Johnson established a talent hunt. He formed a commission, appointed regional panels, and set up the White House Fellows program. The program was designed to bring talented young people (applicants must be between 23 and 35) into the highest circles of government for a one-year exposure to the workings of state. It's possible that Gardner thought that the program would isolate and promote a natural elite for whom the year's experience would be invaluable training. It's hard to know exactly why the idea appealed to Johnson. Since he was a self-created leader himself, it's unlikely that he really thought you could recruit the raw talent for leadership and cultivate it. More probably he liked getting smart young men and women into the White House. He enjoyed his corps of Fellows and developed particularly close friendships with some of them, most notably Professor Doris Kearns of Harvard, who often visited him in Texas after he left office. By now the Fellowships are so attractive that the program is deluged with applicants (more than 2,000 last year), and a quite formal and competitive screening process has been set up to choose the winners. Applicants must be accomplished in their chosen field, whether it be academics, business, the military, law, or medicine. Quarter finalists must go before regional panels and face an inquisition by local eminences. Finalists meet in the spring with the commissioners at Airlie House, a secluded conference center in the Virginia countryside.

The commission itself varies from administration to administration. The original commission consisted of such certified establishmentarians as Gardner, David Rockefeller, and Douglas Dillon. It now has a pronounced Nixon flavor, with, among others, Robert Abplanalp, Patrick Buchanan, Frederick Malek, and Robert Finch. The conglomerates are represented by Charles Thornton of Litton Industries and R. V. Hansburger of Boise Cascade, conservative publishing by Francis Dale of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, conservative academia by W. Glenn Campbell of the Hoover Institution, and the military by General Earle G. Wheeler.

The program is a roaring success as far as everybody involved in it can tell. I recently talked with Fellows past and present about their year at the helm of government, and it was a great way to cheer myself up. These people are on top of the world.

Viva Zapanta!

"I have grown so much I feel like a budding flower. The world and sunshine are opening up for me," said Al Zapanta.

Zapanta works for Claude Brinegar, Secretary of Transportation. On the wall opposite his desk hangs the familiar poster and drawing of Emiliano Zapata in his sombrero and Sam Browne belt. "It's better to die on my feet than to continue living on my knees," goes the accompanying quote. Al Zapanta does not live on his knees. He's short, with sleepy eyelids to belie his energy. He is the most decorated

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Mexican-American from the Vietnam war. "That should tell you where I am," he declared, without a trace of Mexico in his speech. "I commanded an infantry company in the Mekong Delta. I saw villagers change from a scared and apathetic type of people and become warm to U. S. soldiers, who enabled them to take crops to market on U.S.-secured roads. I saw some good things come out of the war. Living with life-and-death decisions of men was exhilarating. To command men in a field of battle, where you existed without knowing if you would be killed the next minute, and then to survive into that night—why, I experienced a joy, and a close relationship with my comrades, that I will never experience again to such a degree."

It would be hard to find a man less depressed than Zapanta. It may not have been so hard for him to get out of the barrio and into the establishment because he was trained by it from early adolescence on. He worked for Continental Can while he was growing up, and after obtaining a degree in industrial psychology, he went on to work for Bethlehem Steel. Yet the risk is great for someone with a minority identity to start competing for established rewards. It may mean giving up the last vestige of self-respect. Zapanta has managed to do it by keeping one eye fixed on East Los Angeles at all times. "My number one goal is helping people," he says, and he has already used his talents to bring federal money into the barrio and to set up a workshop where handicapped Chicanos do packaging and assembling work for North American Rockwell.

This is standard Horatio Alger stuff. It shows that even a poor Chicano, working summers at Continental Can, may make it into big business. It also shows that Zapanta has maintained his identity by making use of the establishment for his people, and demonstrates that achievement can be put to use. His use, too. He's not Reyes Tijerina, although he has no quarrel with Tijerina or Chavez, but he has conceived a role for himself as a potential political leader. He will be an agent of assimilation, he hopes.

Bruce Henry, who's at the Department of Housing and Urban Development this year, was born to wear the badges of success. Henry was an All-American football player and a member of the National Football Hall of Fame. He was also student council president at the Colorado School of Mines. After graduating with honors from Harvard Business School, he went to work for Polaroid, where he did very well indeed; at 32 he was a senior manufacturing manager. He is exceedingly modest about all this. He acknowledged, in a dry Texas accent, that he had played football and so forth, but he made no special claims for himself because of it. He merely conceded that being a White House Fellow had changed him enough so that when he visited old high-school friends in Dallas recently he discoverd that you "can't just plug right back in again."

As people like Henry have discovered, there is an undeniable practical utility to credentials. This is most true during school years, when a student knows that if he wants the genuine advantages a good college can provide him he must systematically set about building a well-rounded dossier of grades and extracurricular activities. As many professions become more hierarchical and guild-like, credentials become more and more a necessity in the years after college. Not just medicine and law, but even formerly free-wheeling trades like journalism place increasing emphasis on the right schools, in short, the right badges. The recent strike at *The Washington Post* is a fine example. At issue in the strike was whether the base pay for reporters should be raised to $25,000 range from the present level of about $20,000. At those rates editors won't take the kind of chance on raw talent they once did when an interesting resumé, a few yellowed clips, and a glib interview might land

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you a job on a major newspaper. Now the price of misguided hiring is too high, so an editor will hedge his bets by taking on someone with all the right credentials—a key recommendation, the right journalism degree, a position on *The Harvard Crimson*, or whatnot.

The increasing necessity of credentials means that many of us who don't want to play the White House Fellows game must still pay attention to our badges. "I've always envied people with lots of credentials, haven't you?" a girl I know asked me. "I like to have as many as I can get," she said, and she would never in a million years qualify as an achiever, nor want to.

Comes the Dawn

Yet there is a line that separates those, like my friend, who would like to have credentials because they're useful things to have, and those, of whom the White House Fellows are symbolic, who hurtle down the credential path seemingly for its own sake, interested in the badges not as a means but as self-sufficient ends.

American children, of course, are all encouraged at some point, usually early, to collect badges, and White House Fellows are the ultimate players of that dream. Credentials begin with the gold star the first-grade teacher awards to the child who can sit still the longest. It's instant pay-off for good behavior, and it's success. Later, there are sportsmanship cups, athletic prizes, good citizenship awards, and a whole cluster of academic awards. Often grammar schools even provide an improvement cup for the best non-achiever.

Eventually, most people drop out of the all-around rewards and prizes effort, as they begin to contemplate the future, and decide what really interests them. Leonardo Da Vinci notwithstanding, most of us can't get deeply absorbed in more than a few pursuits at a time, and there's a satisfaction in the concentration on some singular effort that turns out to be more rewarding than the uncertain struggle for other people's approval.

People who want the badges, yet can't have them, those we call losers, suffer the most from the gold star system. Discouragement, or the odor of defeat, is treated like an affliction, and people who lose a few times get a bad name. Failure comes to be a self-fulfilling prophesy for these unfortunate souls. The fate of the loser is altogether too predictable in our society, like the drunkard whose decline and fall is depicted in those old New England murals, and this is unfortunate because there's an important place for people who have suffered major disappointments. The ingredients for the rapidly disappearing American Hero, the Rugged Individualist—resilience and independence and healthy skepticism—are created in direct confrontations with often unpleasant experiences. In a corporate system that relies on data banks to make judgments about people, the rugged individualist with a few bouts of bad luck can become a cast-off. Yet a person who has lost a few rounds usually knows his strengths and weaknesses. He'll be more careful with success, than, say, the callow young men who worked under Nixon and got into trouble with the law. Someone who hasn't been too bruised by hardship to come back from it will be much more skeptical of blind obedience than were these young men who had such exemplary college records. He will weigh his moral imperatives, because, unlike them, he knows the consequences of his judgment and untempered ambition.

The "victor" of these contests pays his dues, too, for although his attainments are admirable he often has to sacrifice too much along the way. The external rewards—the scholarships, the institutional attainments—often lack the power to confer any permanent sense of self-respect; as one young man said after winning a scholarship, "Before I had thought it would mean so much to me to be a Rhodes

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Scholar, but once I found out that *I* had won, the whole thing was somehow debased for me. It was like Groucho Marx's old line, that he wouldn't join any club that would accept him as a member." These bittersweet victories can keep the achiever pushing on to gather proof of his continuing progress, while blinding him to the kinds of personal development he really needs, and to the contributions he can really make.

The system that metes out rewards—a system made up of a collusion between parents and educators—inflicts a panic along with rewards, threatening disaster for the "promising" young if they don't pursue their responsibilities. This can create a dangerous anger, all the more explosive in the event that the rewards don't add up.

I went to a New England prep school where apple-polishing and competition among students for high grades and awards was particularly intense, since the business of the place was to get as many graduates into Harvard and Yale as possible. In that era its supremacy as an Ivy League feeder operation was being challenged by high schools all over the country, and the pleasure of scholarship for its own sake was one of the casualties of the challenge. One of my classmates, whom we called "Comes the Dawn," was a person who had permitted himself to be goaded by his parents and his teachers into the conformity that was a requirement of success there. He was an unconventional fellow, really, who should have been left to his own devices. We called him Comes the Dawn because he took a long time to get the point of a joke, particularly if it was on him, and he was capable of the most terrible delayed rage if it was. Comes the Dawn worked painfully hard without inspiration to get good grades, in order to make it into Harvard. Harvard was the promised land. They would all be satisfied when he got into Harvard—his teachers and his rigid and Teutonic parents who forever prodded him from the sidelines of his life. Well, he got into Harvard. There, instead of attaining the self-realization he had awaited so long, he found only more pressure to succeed, to get good grades, more competition, and more parental nagging. Came the dawn that this track was endless, and he felt betrayed, because he discovered he hadn't done enough by succeeding. He took his revenge by quitting school and moving in with his parents, who reluctantly put up with him until his mealtime tirades became intolerable and they threw him out. When last I heard of him he was living in a rooming house in Boston, still enraged.

I do want credentials, certainly, although I tend to scorn them. It's hip to scorn badges. It's also easy to ridicule people who go after them and particularly when they get them, for the achiever is an adult version of the "goodie-goodie," as one of the Fellows' childhood acquaintances called her. People who succeed smoothly and consistently are sort of a rebuke to those whose struggles are plain and painful. Yet the Fellows I talked to are all serious, congenial people. They are proud of their victories, but they have disciplined themselves to stamina and confidence, and deserve credit for their success.

Military Marvels

Nowhere else in adult life is the credential-and-badge system developed in such detail or applied over so long a period of time as in the military. From the numerical class rankings at West Point and Annapolis, to the "fitness reports" that determine an officer's chances to ascend to the heavens of high command, the military is expressly designed to judge its members on the badges they have picked up along the way. One of the ironies of military life is that those badges available outside the system—advance degrees, Rhodes Scholarships—can provide that extra touch that distinguishes the future general

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from the future frustrated colonel. And so it was inevitable that, although John Gardner and Lyndon Johnson had not intended military officers to be eligible to compete for White House Fellowships, the rules were soon changed to allow the soldiers to come crashing in. If West Point conducts special classes to prepare students for the Rhodes competition, could the services long ignore the potential of these new fellowhips? Two of this year's Fellows are military officers—Pete Dawkins and Randy Jayne.

Jayne, who may have the most luxurious office of all the White House Fellows, and certainly the sunniest, works in Peter Flanigan's complex domain in the southwest corner of the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House. Jayne, 28, is the model of an Air Force captain in civilian dress—tall, handsome, rather rugged. "Dr. Jayne doesn't fit one mold," a colleague said about him, and this is borne out as I talk to him, borne out slowly, because Jayne is reticent about his accomplishments. When he was in Southeast Asia he flew search missions out of Thailand by day and taught a University of Maryland extension course in political science at night. He played football as an undergraduate. He won a National Science Foundation scholarship to MIT, and took a doctorate there in strategic nuclear policy in the program established jointly by William Kaufman of MIT and Henry Kissinger. When he completes his year in Flanigan's office, where he has learned about international financing and multi-national corporations, Jayne will go back to being a pilot. He also plans to teach. But someday he'll probably be back, with the Air Force, to serve on the National Security Council.

The Happy Ringer

Now and then there is talk that the military may be an unhealthy influence on the White House Fellowships. "People have asked whether it's"—and Peter Dawkins widens his sky-blue eyes—" 'good' to have the military in the program. I think in general too much is made of that issue. Personally. You don't become a national policymaker at 35. We're going back to be pilots and so forth."

"I'm on the civilian side this year, as administrative assistant to Bill Clements," continues Dawkins. (Clements is the Assistant Secretary of Defense.) Dawkins is tan and smartly dressed. He belongs in the Pentagon, very much as a prince belongs in a palace, giving every appearance that the palace belongs to him. We sat in a large reception room, looking out at a marina of small white boats, and when the Secretary of the Navy shuttled through in a black suit, Dawkins had a bit of badinage with him. Dawkins is the most professionally polished of the Fellows, almost beyond being one, like a happy ringer. "I serve among other things on the Committee on Excellence of Education—looking at how all the corps [ROTC, the War Colleges, Officer Education] could improve their systems. My group is the stamping ground of this committee," he told me, and drew on a pipe, "and I'm the, well, the gofer of this august body. The executive secretary. This weekend six of us are going out to the Naval Academy and we'll look at the big picture there and the little regulations, also. To see what can be changed. We operate on the presumption that most anything in the world can be improved."

Peter Dawkins will not go back to being a pilot. "I'm staying right here, which I think is just great," he told me. He has attained one of the priority goals of the achiever, to be at the right place at the right time. He will go on being at the right place, too.

In spite of strong egos, achievers have a besetting affliction, and that is the self-doubt that prevents them from walking away from it all. An outstanding achiever, who was once a Rhodes Scholar, says that he still half

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resents anybody he hears about who's achieved, say, a Supreme Court clerkship, because it indicates that others are still collecting hard, quantifiable evidence of their diligence and skill, while he's cut loose in a world without those clear markers of success. For a veteran of the achievement world to step away would be like Hank Aaron entering a league where they don't count home runs—he can't *prove* he's doing well. The suspicion that you may not have done enough, the cold possibility that can often occur when you've taken a sidelong glance at your *confreres*—achievers are particularly vulnerable to this, because they take their indices of success from the scoreboard.

Yet as long as the suspicion lurks in his mind that he hasn't done enough, the achiever will doubt himself, an existential dilemma that the Airlie House ritual vividly reflects. This is the occasion the Fellows have been primed for over a grueling eight- or nine-month period, and so the grand finale in a great country estate quite predictably might seem unreal. Four stages of nearly unbearable tension later, and probably feeling older, the 32 finalists are treated to two or three days and nights of awe. This is general awe, and none of the Fellows I talked with made a distinction between the commissioners—the chance to lock minds with Milton Friedman was no more exciting, or less for that matter, than the chance to dine with Robert Abplanalp. The setting itself contributes a hush-hush rural sanctity we came to know so well in James Bond movies.

In Good Company

There is another awe, too. This is the awe that the finalists have for each other. This awe gets stimulated when each finalist is given a list at the entrance to Airlie House of the accomplishments of their competition. None of the Fellows I talked to had thought they had a prayer when they saw what their peers had

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James David Barber—
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achieved. "I called my wife up in Boston and told her to slow down the packing," Bruce Henry recalls.

Gil Omenn, like Dick Diver in *Tender Is the Night*, one of those people who's meant to work well in this world, could feel unnerved and uncertain of his chances in this crowd, in spite of a record that includes a Rhodes Scholar nomination, an exemplary undergraduate record at Princeton, a Ph.D. from the University of Seattle, and his own successful laboratory there, along with a burgeoning friendship with Armand Hammer. Even Omenn, who in his own words is "way ahead of other 32-year-olds," could imagine failure at that stage in his competitive performance at this highest place of judgment. And it's a terrific risk. Jim Fletcher, who last year lost in the finals and won this year, says, "You felt as if you were awake and died," when he lost. The awe sticks, too.

The mutual respect, the awe at being part of such a distinguished company, is in no way diminished once the winners are chosen and begin their year's work. One of the most striking traits of the Fellows, to those who have seen them in action, is the eagerness with which they set up White House Fellows Dinners, a White House Fellows Alumni Association, and other linkages formal and informal to insure that no Fellow loses the company of his impressive colleagues.

The self-congratulatory atmosphere in which present and former Fellows dwell is suggested by their own description of themselves in the White House Fellows Association Directory as "gifted and highly motivated young Americans." The directory, by the way, is not a simple "where is the old gang now" list of present addresses and phone numbers, but includes complete resumes and seems designed to impress future badge awarders. If, for example, you are looking up Sanford D. Greenberg, you will find out the following:

GREENBERG, SANFORD D., chairman of the board; b. December 13, 1940; w. Susan R.; ed. A.B., Columbia College, 1962; Oxford U. (Marshall Scholar), 1964-65; M.A., Ph.D., Harvard U., 1962-65; Harvard Law School, 1965-66; M.B.A., Columbia U., Grad. School of Bus., 1966. Asst. prof., Govt., Dept. of Pub. Law and Govt., Columbia U., 1965; faculty, Ctr. for Int'l. Affairs, Harvard U., 1966; pres., Int'l Communications Asso., 1961---; dir., Corporate Dev., System Dev. Corp., 1967-68; chmn. bd., EDP Tech., Inc.; 1968-71; v. chmn. bd., KMS Industries, 1971---. Co-Editor: "The Presidential Advisory System", 1969 (with Cronin). Member: Phi Beta Kappa; Am. Pol. Science Assn.; Oxford Union Soc.; Am. Hist. Assn.; dir., Nat'l. Com. on U.S.-China Relations; bd. govs./trustee, Ford Theatre; trustee, Opera Soc. of Wash.; trustee, Charles River Acad.; trustee, Nat'l Braille Press; worked on various pol. campaigns (N.Y./Mass.) and three Presidential campaigns. Honors: One of Ten Outstanding Young Men of Am., 1966; One of Four Outstanding Young Men of Mass., 1966; One of Ten Outstanding Young Men of Boston, 1966. Home: 700 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20037. Phone: (202) 337-6969. Office: 600 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20037. Phone: (202) 965-0090.

Beating the Posse

"As a group I would have to say that we do not get down into the trenches and claw our way to the top. That's for a different kind of person. I'd say that as over-achievers we're more interested in job mobility," Bill Graham, the head of the White House Fellows Alumni Association said. "Many use the program as a way to break from the past and move into new fields." President Johnson expressed the hope that they would go back where they came from. "I said to John Gardner," Peter Dawkins recalls, "when we all had dinner with him, 'It's a failure, isn't it? I mean we're supposed to be flushed out. If that's the case, then . . . .' " Nearly half the Fellows have stayed in Washington. And why not? They can't be made to go home, wherever that may be. They are home free. Yet most achievers go on being achievers: the Fellowship program, instead of being the cap-

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stone of promise, turns into a milestone in a career of perpetual promise. Stopping on the high-energy circuit, my one-time achiever friend points out, might mean looking into the abyss.

White House Fellows show an inclination to move from one job to another after their year in the program. For example, Ronald B. Lee of the 1965-66 class was the appointed director of Planning and Systems Analysis in the U. S. Postal Service from 1966 to 1968. He was professor, assistant provost, and director at the Center of Urban Affairs, Michigan State University, from 1968 to 1969. He was Assistant Postmaster General from 1969 to 1972, and in 1972 he became a director of corporate marketing analysis at Xerox World Headquarters. He has five directorships and one trusteeship.

Ten of the 1968-69 Fellows have held over two jobs—not counting Edgar F. Kaiser, Jr., who has had four positions in different branches of the Kaiser Corporation. One member of that class, James E. Connor, holds four degrees and has had five jobs since 1969: senior associate with Cresap, McCormick and Paget, Director of Planning and Analysis at the Office of Economic Opportunity, special assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, associate assistant director of the Cost of Living Council, and director of the Office of Planning and Analysis at the Atomic Energy Commission.

Timothy Wirth, who's running for Congress this year from Colorado, is the exemplary Fellow. He was in the class of 1967-68, where he served as an assistant to John Gardner at Health, Education, and Welfare. In 1968-69 he was on the staff of the Urban Coalition. Then in 1969 he returned to HEW. He moved up to Deputy Assistant Secretary there in 1969 and then in 1970 became executive assistant to the president of the Great Western United Corporation. At the same time he's been serving since 1971 on the Colorado Governor's Task Force on Returning Vietnam Veterans, and established a political base for himself.

The effects of this compulsion are hard on the government officials who have to work with the White House Fellows, or with the other rare birds of achievement who migrate from agency to agency with the government. The officials are eager to snare a highly credentialed star, even a Fellow, not only because they will get to wear his badges on their sleeve for a while, but also because they hope to get some real work out of his talents. The trouble is that there is only a precious, short interval between the time the star arrives, and the time he starts thinking about where he can go next to be hailed as a star. The average achiever ends up having an attention span of about eight months in each job before he starts paying less attention to what he's supposed to be doing than to where he can touch down next.

A former government employer who has worked with White House Fellows says that working with the high-fliers, a category which includes hundreds of people rather than the dozens in the White House Fellows program, has its drawbacks. "At first you think, why this is going to be heaven; you think you've really lucked out to get one of these guys. After all, those credentials are yours as long as he stays. But what's so frustrating is that after the briefest period of substantial work, his eyes get glassy. He just isn't paying attention any more, he's not doing the work. Yet he's a Phi Beta Kappa and all that, and it just doesn't figure. He's supposed to be this terrific hot shot. Of course what he's been doing is figuring out where to go next, where he'll get his next badge. By the time you and his other colleagues catch on and the posse begins to form, he's safely on his way to his new job as vice president of General Electric."

The White House Fellows program, with its one-year terms, only aggravates this general situation. "It takes

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about six months to find the men's room," one former Fellow said, referring to the amount of time it takes Fellows to get to know their work. That leaves six months to do a job. That's not much time—particularly when you have to start almost right away to wonder what you'll do next.

The Fellowhip program is success oriented, and it ends up being a form of government narcissism—rather like putting your favorite child behind the steering wheel for a photograph. Fear of failure, that old stigma, inhabits governments and achievers alike, and so they reinforce each other, like the teacher and the pupil who gets the gold star. The fear exerts itself in the tyranny of awe, and rewards respect for that awe. "You have to be very careful," a Fellow who works at the White House told me, "because, after all, one mistake and you're through." Under those circumstances it's hard to grow.

"We've been told many times by people how surprised they are at the questions we've asked," Doris Meissner, at the Justice Department, told me. Anne Armstrong, who is President Nixon's liaison with the Fellows program, will tell you that the Fellows do speak out. "They'll ask the tough questions," she insists. Yet uniformly the Fellows I talked to had hardly anything critical to say about government operations, particularly the bureaucracies. The reward of being so privileged kind of shuts them up.

No More Gordons

"It's a tough year. You can't have people in these positions who aren't reliable," Ursula Farrell said. She's been working as George Schultz's executive assistant this year. She was an IBM executive in New York, and she's quietly effervescent, clearly a person who is fulfilling a function well. She was thoughtful about the program: "We're all high achievers. The program tends to look for high achievers, and people of proven performance, of course. One original success often leads to another, so that successful performers tend to have a pattern of it. Yet there's definitely far too little outspokenness and criticism of ourselves and the government." She paused. "We're tight on time," she reflected, "but you have to make time to talk about these things. Too many Fellows, and it represents a masculine value system as far as I'm concerned, see the year as an investment. People don't want to risk failure by speaking out. You know, ten goodies and one baddie? Doesn't look good. You get programmed into thinking that way."

The White House Fellows are not leaders. They are systematic achievers. They belong in a category all their own. In some ways they are the very opposite of leaders. The leader is closer to David Riesman's definition of the Inner-Directed person, whom he describes as "gyroscopic." The inner-directed man is primed in childhood to pursue specific goals even at the risk of social alienation and loneliness. Gordon of Khartoum is an extreme example of the 19th-century inner-directed man. He was a caricature of the British ideal—a bold leader and adventurer, eccentric to the point of madness. He was capable of sustaining all alone an alien population under siege until death, out of inner conviction. At the other end is the outer-directed man, as Riesman calls him, whom the achiever more closely resembles. His performance depends on the approval of the establishment. The last thing this person wants to do is risk ostracism. He takes his values from the group, and is primarily attuned to the shifts and nods of the system that rewards him. He is the ideal 20th-century corporate technician, dedicated to winning, yes, but not so much on his own terms as on the terms of his society. He is the refined and highly trained later version of the cooperative first-grader who gets the gold star for doing what the teacher wants. Lyndon Johnson, himself a schoolteacher, must have known that. ■

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Making It With Mailer, Millett, and Capote

by James Fallows

Four years ago, Kate Millett published *Sexual Politics*, an analysis of the "sexism" of American culture and its literary figures. Despite the bitter denunciations which the book soon met, its central achievement is still clear. Millett was the first person to take on the he-man attitudes expressed by writers like Norman Mailer and to connect them with the gun-slinging "macho" tendencies of American society and government. It was, in that sense, a profoundly political book, for the tough-guy mentality Millett identifies is the single clearest factor connecting the major blunders of our last three Administrations. John Kennedy's desire to look strong after the Bay of Pigs, Lyndon Johnson's conviction that no big country should let a peewee push it around, Richard Nixon's obsession with toughing-it-out were all part of what Millett was talking about.

Sexual Politics had correspondingly profound shortcomings. Millett had Norman Mailer by the short hairs in discussing his most macho, *Deer Park* self. This stung Mailer to reply, and his rebuttal, *The Prisoner of Sex*, was all too accurate about the overall quality of "Sister Kate's" writing:

> By any major literary perspective, the land of Millett is a barren and mediocre terrain, its flora reminiscent of a Ph.D. tract, its roads a narrow argument, and its horizons low... the food served at every inn was a can of ideological lard, a grit and granite of thesis-factories turned out aggregates of concept jargon on every ridge, stacks of such clauses fed the skies with smoke... and the bloody ground steamed with the limbs of every amputated quote.

Millett is back with a new book this month. Its name is *Flying*,* and its nominal subjects are bisexuality and

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

*to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf.

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lesbianism. In content it tells less about the values that affect our political system than *Sexual Politics* did. But the structure of the book, and the fact that it was written at all, raise interesting questions about another deep cultural value: self-promotion and the urge to "make it" as a public figure. As the accompanying article on the White House Fellows (p. 46) illustrates, there is a close connection between the desire for fame and the process of government; the *Flying* affair suggests some of the other effects fame can have.

Flying is a journal of Kate Millett's life, over an unspecified number of weeks in an unspecified time. It was a period of evident strain for Kate Millett, strain caused primarily by her emergence as a public figure. The publication of *Sexual Politics* and Millett's subsequent fame (symbolized by her appearance on the cover of *Time*) placed considerable strain on her internal equilibrium. The cause of most of the strain was "this fag thing" (as Gore Vidal recently called it in explaining why he has failed to become President). Soon after the book came out, the press picked up the fact that Millett was a lesbian. In her role at the time as most-truculent-of-all-the-feminists, she managed, with this admission, to make countless enemies in the women's movement (who thought she would subvert the cause) and to provide fuel for the ever-popular male notion that if a woman won't do the dishes she must be a dyke. Having her sexual tastes discussed in public, a prospect few of us would relish, also complicated Kate Millett's relations with her several female and one male lover, not to mention the effect on her family. The best parts of *Flying*, in fact, the only good parts, explore Kate Millett's adjustments to this strain with remarkable honesty and depth.

The good parts do not make this into a good book, and the blame is with Kate Millett's style. *Flying* is not so much a journal as a "totally honest" documentary of her life, with not a single detail left out in the name of selectivity or pace. She made herself a promise about the book—"the rule is, it's a record. Everything that happens to me"—and she kept it with unwarranted fidelity. The style has its drawbacks for the reader; worse, it torpedoes the message of the book. *Flying* is the product of a choice, conscious or unconscious, between what the author wanted to say and what she wanted to *become* by saying it. Like the Loud family of the television series, "An American Family," Kate Millett seemed to think that she would become larger-than-life if she projected the verbatim happenings of her life onto a large, public screen. It was a choice in which substance was the loser and Kate Millett, too.

It is evidence of the original strength of Millett's material that *Flying* is of any value at all, for the documentary approach seems calculated to subvert the message and antagonize the reader. For one thing, it makes *Flying* unendurably long—500-plus dense pages which seem like many more because of the mass of never-identified characters and the sprawling, unedited feel of the book as a whole.

At its most innocuous, this approach provides us with countless scenes of Kate's Friends in the Village and What They Do. It is hard to select illustrations of these dinner parties, consciousness-raising sessions, and moments of passion, because out of context (which is how they often appear) they mean very little. For each of the scenes which is significant, by which I mean it makes a point to someone outside the circle of Millett's friends, there are five included simply for the sake of inclusion. Often the dogged seriousness of Millett and her friends leads to ludicrous juxtapositions:

> Finally it is time. We clear the couch, the two of us moving objects, towels, glasses. She holds me now, looking in her eyes. I am afraid. There is so much feeling jumping from my throat, shaking me. So glad to be here. We make love coming before we have

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even taken off our clothes. I tremble in her grasp, almost crying.

She tells me she won't go with me to the nonviolence panel.

At its worst, self-documentation produces a tone of excruciating self-consciousness, which eventually dominates the book. After a few pages, an understanding dawns on the reader of just what Millett means by making a journal of her life. She is not dredging old experience for its meaning—oh, no. She is setting out to record a certain stretch of her life with no other purpose than the exercise of recording it. This approach has served other people well: Not long ago William Buckley produced a fascinating journal of one of his busy weeks. "Busy" is the significant word here; in Millett's case the recording is her main activity. *Flying* ends up like a picture of someone taking a picture of herself. It is full of passages like:

"Do you know you are in a book?" I ask Rachel, suddenly remembering it only fair to warn her. "Of course." She blinks behind her heavy lenses. "Everybody knows you're writing a book, you never shut up about it."

Millett fairly drowns the reader in trivia without ever really figuring out what she has to say. If she had wanted to explore, as a literary subject, a writer writing a book about herself, she might have taken the novelist's liberty of leaving out the boring material and focusing the ungainly narrative. But if, as seems more likely, she was really interested in illuminating the moral caverns where she dwelled, she need not have used the Andy Warhol technique. She is not Andy Warhol; she has important things to say in this book, and when the reader happens upon one of them in the slurry of her prose, he is glad he kept reading.

Why did Kate Millett make such a terrible choice? The core of the matter is that Millett had something else on her mind beside telling her story: she was establishing a public identity. She says that as the public Kate Millett grew more famous, her inner identity went into eclipse. *Flying* was an act of "recovering my being." But by this she means not merely taking the private measure of her soul, but impressing her identity upon the public. *Sexual Politics* had already given her a name. But *Flying* would accord her a different and less common kind of celebrity, as one of those people whose daily minutiae are in the public domain.

After putting down Kate Millett's book, the reader may be tempted to conclude that writers will be corrupted if so much as an inkling of concern for "making it" stirs in their brains. Of course that is not true. Frank Conroy's *Stop Time*, Willie Morris' *North Toward Home*, Lillian Hellman's two volumes of autobiography—these all are fully as calculated as *Flying*, and much more successful in creating bright identities for their authors. Yet in none of them has the attention to appearance harmed the substance; if anything it has improved it.

The question, then, is one of

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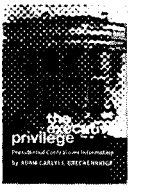

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choice: When does concern for appearance advance the writer's meaning, and when does it entice him to sacrifice his impact or compromise his values?

No one writer more fully displays the complexities of the public self than Norman Mailer. He has his share of frivolous books and buffoon-like public appearances; it is hard to trace books like *Marilyn* and slapstick performances like his races for mayor to anything but Mailer's boundless enthusiasm for self-promotion. At the same time, much of his self-conscious prose gains power by his role on center stage, and he understands the genuine importance of celebrity in literary acceptance:

> Let any of you decide for yourself how silly would be *A Farewell to Arms*, or better, *Death in the Afternoon* if it had been written by a man who was five-four, had acne, wore glasses, spoke in a shrill voice, and was a physical coward. . . . The way to save your work and reach more readers is to advertise yourself, steal your own favorite page out of *Hemingway's Notes From Papa On How The Working Novelist Can Get Ahead.*

A far less equivocal example of how celebrity can hurt a major writer is Truman Capote. Unlike either Millett's or Mailer's, Capote's prose style is as un-self-conscious as anyone could want, a stylistic delight pure as rain. Much of his early work, *The Grass Harp* and the like, was too perfect an imitation of the precious novels every literary youngster dreams of writing, but his "non-fiction novel," *In Cold Blood*, is a genuine masterpiece.

The very quality of that book, and the quality of what he has done since, raise questions about what makes Capote run—or more specifically, write. *In Cold Blood* emerged in 1966 to a sunburst of acclaim, not a bit of it accidental. As Capote recently told Gerald Clarke of *Esquire*:

> When *In Cold Blood* came out, I was on the covers of three magazines simultaneously—*Newsweek, Life,* and *Saturday Review*—and I had a lead review in every Sunday book supplement in the country. That's a parlay that has never been beaten and never will be.

Later that year Capote held his famous party for Katharine Graham at the Plaza Hotel in New York. It was the event of the season, and of many seasons after. *Esquire* ran a two-page cartoon identifying all the glorious in attendance, and *The New York Times* just happened to get a copy of the guest list, which it printed as an updated version of "The 400."

There is nothing wrong with a gay and lovely party. But when read in the context of what Capote has done since then, the party assumes an unpleasant significance. *There* was an undertone to Capote's celebration which seemed to say, *I have finally made it. We are celebrating my arrival, and now that I am at the main table I will never be hungry again.*

Being hungry, more for recognition than for money, is what it seems to take for Capote to write. He was fired from *The New Yorker* before he went home to Alabama to write *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. In the years before *In Cold Blood*, he hung about the periphery, a respected writer, yes, but somehow minor. No dukes were clamoring to have him aboard their yachts, and on the talk-shows his name was not established.

The social and financial rewards which followed *In Cold Blood* satisfied these hungers, but they also seem to have extinguished Capote's creative drive. If, like Mailer, he had been bursting with other things he wanted to say, other parts of the world he wanted to explain, he could have used his new prominence as a lever by which to influence greater numbers of people.

But if he was bursting with ideas, he has managed to keep his enthusiasm within bounds. In the last eight years Capote seems to have spent more time being recognized as a Writer than bothering with the messy work of prose. His latest book, his only book since *In Cold Blood* is an example: *The Dogs Bark*, a thick

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book, a book of graceful prose, whose creator is hailed on the dust jacket as "masterly" by Somerset Maugham and "the most perfect writer of any generation" by Norman Mailer. Inside are old magazine articles; of the 411 pages, all but 59 are from the hungry days before the Big Book. Of the 59, 20 are devoted to a "self-interview" which was published in *Cosmopolitan* and which, Capote has said, took two hours to write.

The interview is clearly the most interesting thing Capote has published in eight years, for in it he dilates on life at the top. He has his tastes ("I like fast, finely made cars, I like lovely motels with their ice machines and eerie anonymity"), he has his philosophies ("I can't think of a single rich person who, in terms of contentment or a lessening of the general human anxiety, has it easier than the rest of us"), he has his friends and he has his pace of life. Both of these last two involve his lunches, preferably with "beautiful, or at least extremely attractive, alert, and *au courant* women." The lunches, Capote says, are what make his day, as the party might have been said to make his year.

Capote has said, "My great fault is that I understand everything," and that makes his performance as a talking Writer all the more intriguing. In his *Cosmopolitan* interview, as in nearly every article about him since 1966, Capote described in elaborate detail his great work in progress, called *Answered Prayers*. He says it is an immensely complicated book, about some of the same people he has frolicked with in Acapulco and New York. Its delay is due to his own high standards ("When you get to know so much, you become critical because *you* know the difference," he told *Esquire*), and when it finally comes out, his detractors will be sorry they carped.

I have no doubt that *Answered Prayers* will appear. Capote has no less acute a sense than Norman Mailer for the ups and downs of literary fortunes, and he must sense that if he puts the book off much longer his standing as Writer will be endangered. These are the first pangs of recurring hunger. The interesting thing is that he has lasted as long as possible with promises of how good the work is *going* to be, rather than in trying to complete the story.

I am not one of those who believe that an author's output is public property and that we all are somehow cheated if he fails to deliver. But one discordant element in the *In Cold Blood* acclaim suggests how little Capote cared even for the message of this, his most important book. The most serious objections to Capote's project came from the British critic, Kenneth Tynan. Even a glance between the lines of Capote's book, Tynan said, suggested that the two killers were pathological monsters. They were "insane" in the sense that they lacked a moral anchor, yet Capote made no effort to present evidence of their insanity to the courts, where it might have prevented the executions.

Capote heatedly denied the charge that he had placed Art (the book wouldn't come out until the men were dead) above conscience. But in his eagerness to prove his good faith treatment of the killers, he walked right away from the most powerful point in his book. Oh no, his rebuttal said, I can't imagine where you got that idea about monsters or evil men; obviously you've misunderstood. This was, of course, the era of high Liberal Chic in thinking about crime: to care about crime was racist, and to talk about born killers was to offend the notion that criminals were the products of a sick society. *In Cold Blood* was years ahead of its time in refusing to gloss over criminal pathology, but Capote seemed afraid that the idea would displease the people who came to his party. So he dropped it. Imagine Dostoevsky, in a similar situation, turning to his critics to say, "Oh, you've misunderstood, I didn't mean any of that about the Grand Inquisitor." ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in June.

An American Journey: The Presidential Campaign Speeches of George McGovern. Random House, $8.95.

American Odyssey. Robert Conot. Morrow, $14.95. This ambitious book tries to trace the development of urban problems in one city (Detroit) through a mixture of history and fiction. The historical narrative is absorbing, but the fiction (designed to highlight ordinary life) reads like an extended version of the 100 Neediest Cases.

The Appearance of Justice. John P. MacKenzie. Scribner's, $7.95. An adapted excerpt appeared in the May issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

Behind the Front Page. Chris Argyris. Jossey-Bass. Another fascinating study of men in organizations, this time the subject is an elite newspaper (rumored to be *The New York Times*), by the author of *Some Causes of Organizational Ineffectiveness Within the Department of State*. The only problem is Professor Argyris' weakness for such jargon as "the feedback service as a validity check of the living system model."

Blue Cross: What Went Wrong? Sylvia A. Law. Yale, $10. Originally intended as the customer's friend, Blue Cross has turned into a transmission belt for rising medical costs. This study of how the nation's leading insurer lost its independence could not be more timely, since the Administration's proposals for national health insurance rely heavily on private insurers.

Elites in the Policy Process. Robert Presthus. Cambridge. A well-researched, comparative study of interest-group behavior in the American presidential and Canadian parliamentary systems. The prose, however, makes Professor Argyris (above) seem like E. B. White.

The Emerging Democratic Majority: Lessons and Legacies from the New Politics. Lanny J. Davis. Stein & Day, $8.95. Davis, a 28-year-old political wunderkind currently seeking a Maryland congressional seat, is at his weakest when he attempts to refute Kevin Phillips. Relying on polls to build his case for "the inherent decency of a majority of American voters," Davis merely fuels the false optimism of Democrats who believe that Watergate is the only issue they need for 1976. Elsewhere Davis acknowledges that liberals must look beyond the New Deal and the Great Society, but his caveats are far too brief and muted. The first half of the book is better—an insider's account of what went wrong with the 1972 Muskie campaign. The terrain is familiar, the conclusions not startling, but the account is intelligent.

Exploring Contradictions: Political Economy in the Corporate State. Philip Brenner, Robert Borosage, Bethany Weidner. McKay, $7.95. Although sometimes marred by an excessive reliance on Marxist jargon, this collection of essays on political economy is often stimulating.

Flying. Kate Millett. Knopf. See "Making It with Millett, Mailer, and Capote" by James Fallows in this issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

Forest Hills Diary: The Crisis of Low Income Housing. Mario Cuomo. Random House, $6.95.

Give: Who Gets Your Charity Dollar? Harvey Katz. Doubleday, $6.95. Except for a small flurry of foundation-funded studies in the early 1950s, charity remains the one major American institution immune from critical scrutiny. Into this void comes Harvey Katz with his investigative reporter's eye focused on some of the worst charity abuses in the country. Eventually, the horror stories begin to numb (they range from the Friends of the FBI to a score of shady health charities) and the reader begins to wish for some evaluation of less dramatic charities—the ones that don't waste 80 per cent of their income on fund-raising.

Housing the Urban Poor: A Critical Evaluation of Federal Housing Policy. Arthur P. Solomon. MIT, $12.

In the Human Interest, a Strategy to Stabilize World Population. Lester R. Brown. Norton, $6.95. The author, an expert on food and global economic trends, has been ahead of the times on a good many topics in recent years. There are few new concepts in his latest book, prepared for the UN Conference on Population, but it does cover all the major implications of population growth.

Jaws of Victory. Ripon Society, Clifford W. Brown, Jr. Little, Brown, $10.95. A collection of essays, sound and moderate in tone and reasoning, on the 1972 election and the future of the Republican Party.

Jerry Ford, Up Close: An Investigative Biography. Bud Vestal, et al. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95. A workmanlike, although quicky, biography of the new Vice President by a reporter for a chain of Michigan newspapers. Nothing here jars the image of Ford as the apostle of small-town virtues ("I am the first Eagle Scout Vice

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President of the United States") or as the victim of big-city hustlers (Robert Winter-Berger).

Law, Morality, and Vietnam: The Peace Militant and the Courts. John F. and Rosemary S. Bannan. Indiana, $10.

The Mask of State: Watergate Portraits. Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $7.95. Reviewed by James Fallows in the May issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

One Sunset a Week: The Story of a Coal Miner. George Vecsey. Saturday Review, $7.95.

Organizing Public Services in Metropolitan America. Thomas P. Murphy, Charles R. Warren. Lexington.

Patriotism Without Flags. Daniel Lang. Norton, $6.95. More and more of the high-level story of Vietnam has become public, but the subtle changes in individual values have not been well explored. The six essays in this volume do one of the best jobs yet.

Political Women. Jean Kirkpatrick. Basic, $10.

The Politics of Turmoil. Richard A. Cloward, Frances Fox Piven. Pantheon, $10. Two of the intellectual leaders of the war on poverty have collected these essays on poverty, race, and the urban issues. Often provocative, but often dated.

Power to the Public Worker. Richard N. Billings, John Greenya. Luce, $7.95.

Prophets with Honor. Alan Barth. Knopf, $6.95.

Protest by the Poor: The Welfare Rights Movement in New York City. Larry R. Jackson, William A. Johnson, eds. Lexington.

Race Relations and the New York City Commission on Human Rights. Gerald Benjamin. Cornell, $12.50.

Representatives, Roll Calls, and Constituencies. Morris P. Fiorina. Lexington.

Test of Loyalty: Daniel Ellsberg and the Rituals of Secret Government. Peter Schrag. Simon & Schuster, $9.95. A perfect example of the dangers of set-piece journalism. Here, the central event is the Ellsberg trial and Schrag follows its convolutions right to their inconclusive end. The writing is consistently intelligent, but unlike Murray Kempton's *The Briar Patch*, the book refuses to go far beyond the chronology of the trial and deal with larger issues. For example, Schrag provides some fascinating, brief glimpses of Judge Byrne ("he had. . . just a touch of the overgrown surfer, but with more than just the customary California veneer of alertness passing for intelligence"), but refuses to pursue the intriguing question of why a man like this would see nothing wrong in meeting with Ehrlichman in the middle of the Ellsberg trial.

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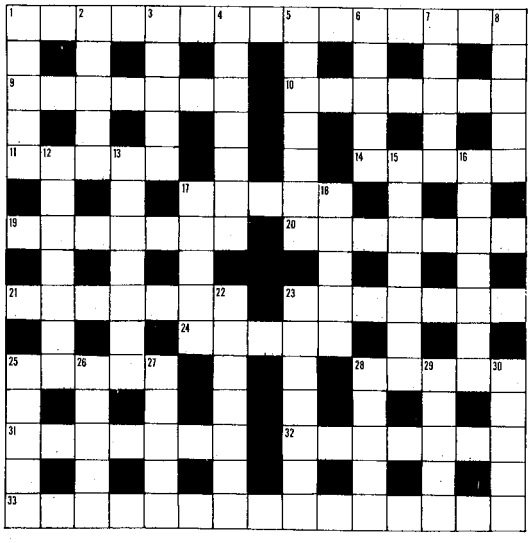
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Only slightly less common than expletives in 33 Across. (15)
9. Get nametag back to show him at door. (7)
10. Oldster puts tree in front. (7)
11. Site of Rita's rise. (5)
14. Yells about North Star going West. (5)
17. Boat bottoms turned back look very neat. (5)
19. Numerous women's cause back beast. (7)
20. How Orantes plays in Capitol. (7)
21. Lift branch for robbery? (7)
23. A hint of glint perks Al up. (7)
24. Requests for help in East Alps. (5)
25. They may be religious, but have appeal, we hear. (5)
28. Very intelligent to catch trams back home. (5)
31. You can get ice ever. (7)
32. Mourning becomes the end of bracelet in mix-up. (7)
33. They call it (18½ minute gap) the pause whose time has come. (5, 5, 5)

DOWN

1. Eggs on in dour gesture. (5)
2. Changes train, but stays within state. (5)
3. Race official must remit upstream. (5)
4. President brought Illinois and Connecticut together, in short. (7)
5. Calls in, "Veins OK!" (7)
6. Lies inert among others. (5)
7. Neither captain nor Al could find way without it. (5)
8. Ships goal in liner. (5)
12. Plant not on the list. (7)
13. In this bill, I cite illegal activity. (7)
15. A rag man is the archetype. (7)
16. Lieutenant Errol goes fishing. (7)
17. Absorb pea soup. (3, 2)
18. Kennels pekes at his house. (5)
22. Mixed up cable in post office is inactive. (7)
23. Send in an airline upside down produces no job. (7)
25. Picks up warts from bedding. (5)
26. Tactics without street can be quite sticky. (5)
27. Pet is example of ill will. (5)
28. Don't waste a drop. (5)
29. Carry on so much as to cut pa dead. (3, 2)
30. Stare at drops. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 28.

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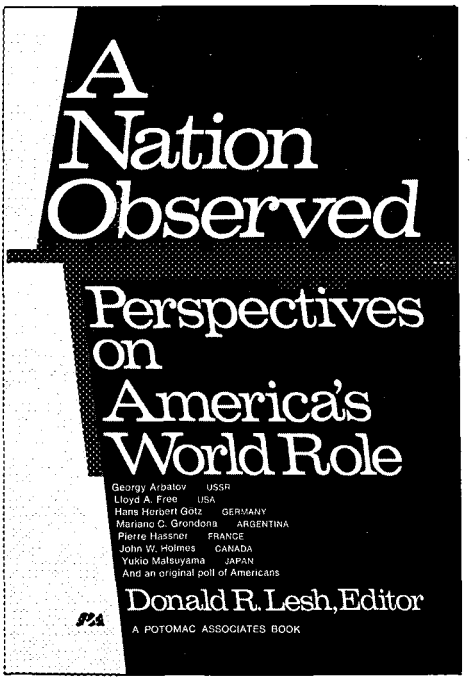

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Ben J. Wattenberg
Author, The Real America

Contributors

Georgy A. Arbatov (USSR), Director, Institute for the Study of the U. S. A. of the Soviet Academy of Sciences; **Hans Herbert Götz (Germany)**, Brussels correspondent, *Frankfurter Allgemeine*; **Mariano C. Grondona (Argentina)**, Lecturer and political commentator; **Pierre Hassner (France)**, Senior Research Associate, Centre d'Étude des Relations Internationales; **John W. Holmes (Canada)**, Director General, Canadian Institute of International Affairs; **Yukio Matsuyama (Japan)**, New York Bureau Chief, *Asahi Shimbun*.

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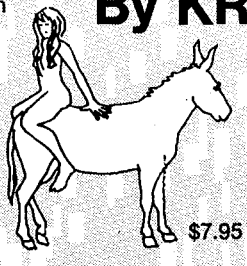

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